THE AUSTRALIAN .....
WOMEN'S WEEKLY

Over 500,000 Copies Sold Every Week

August 8, 1942

Registered in Australia for transmission by post as a newspaper.

Published in every State

PRICE 3D

National Library of Australia http://nla.gov.au/nla.news-page4722009

The amazed worshippers saw the Great Shepherd struggling in Mr. Cole's grasp.

THE GREAT FLOCK

By AGATHA CHRISTIE

"I REALLY do apologise for intruding like this, Mr. Poirot." Miss Carnaby peered anxiously into Poirot's face. "You do remember me, don't you?"

Hercule Poirot's eyes twinkled. "I remember you," he said, "as one of the most successful criminals that I have ever encountered!"

"Oh, dear me, Mr. Poirot, must you really say such things? You were so kind to me."

Her nice plump face grew worried and sad. She said in a kind of gasp: "Oh, Mr. Poirot, I'm so worried."

"What is it?" Poirot asked kindly.

"Do you know, I'm afraid—I really am afraid—that I am indeed a hardened criminal—if I may use such a term. Ideas come to me."

"What kind of ideas?"

"The most extraordinary ideas. For instance, yesterday a really most practical scheme for robbing a post office came into my head. I wasn't thinking about it—it just came! And another very ingenious way for evading Customs duties. I feel convinced—quite convinced—that it would work."

"It probably would," said Poirot, dryly. "That is the danger of your ideas."

"It has worried me very much. Having been brought up with strict principles, as I have been, it is most disturbing that such lawless—such really wicked—ideas should come to me. However, I think that it is really not so much wickedness as a craving for excitement! My life has unfortunately been very humdrum. I came to you, Mr. Poirot, because I hoped it might be possible to—to sublimate that craving for excitement by employing it, if I may put in that way, on the side of the angels."

"It is an idea," said Poirot slowly.

"I am, of course, not at all clever," explained Miss Carnaby. "But my powers of—of dissimulation are quite good. And I think sometimes that to appear even stupider than one is occasionally has good results."

Hercule Poirot laughed. "You enchant me, mademoiselle."

"Oh dear, what a very kind man you are. Then you do encourage me to hope? As it happens I have just received a small legacy—a very small one, but it enables my sister and myself just to keep and feed ourselves in a frugal manner so that I am not absolutely dependent on what I earn."

"I must consider," said Poirot, "where your talents may best be employed. You have no idea yourself, I suppose?"

"You know, you must really be a thought reader, Mr. Poirot. I have been anxious lately about a friend of mine. I was going to consult you about her.

"Her name is Emmeline Clegg. She married a man in the north of England and he died a few years ago leaving her comfortably off. She was unhappy and lonely after his death, and I am afraid she is in some ways a rather foolish and perhaps credulous woman, so she has fallen in with one of these odd sects.

"You know them. They just spring up. They have a kind of emotional appeal, but I am convinced there is no true religious feeling behind them at all."

"You think your friend is being victimised by a sect of this kind?"

"I do. Oh! I certainly do. The Flock of the Shepherd they call themselves. Their headquarters is in Devonshire—a very lovely estate by the sea. The adherents go there for what they term a Retreat. The whole sect centres round the head of the movement, the Great Shepherd, he is called. A Dr. Andersen. A very handsome-looking man, I believe, with a presence."

"Which is attractive to the women, yes?"

"I am afraid so," Miss Carnaby sighed.

"Are the members of the Great Flock mostly women?" asked Poirot.

"At least three-quarters of them, I gather. What men there are are mostly cranks! It is upon the women that the success of the movement depends and—and on the funds they supply."

"Ah! Now we come to it. Frankly, you think the whole thing is a swindle?"

"Frankly, Mr. Poirot, I do. And another thing worries me. I happen to know that my poor friend is so bound up in this religion that she has recently made a will leaving all her property to the movement."

Poirot said sharply: "Was that—suggested to her?"

"In all fairness, no. It was entirely her own idea. The Great Shepherd had shown her a new way of life—all she had was to go on her death to the great cause. What really worries me is . . ."

"Yes, go on."

"Several very wealthy women have been among the devotees. In the last year three of them, no less, have died."

"Leaving all their money to this sect?"

"Yes."

Poirot nodded thoughtfully. Miss Carnaby hurried on.

"Of course I've no right to suggest anything at all. From what I have been able to find out, there was nothing wrong about any of these deaths. One, I believe, was pneumonia following influenza, and another was attributed to gastric ulcer. There were absolutely no suspicious circumstances, if you know what I mean, and the deaths did not take place at Green Hills Sanctuary, but at their own homes.

"I've no doubt it is quite all right, but all the same I—well—I shouldn't like anything to happen to Emmie."

Poirot said slowly: "Mademoiselle, I think you are a woman of great courage and determination. You have good histrionic powers. Would you be willing to undertake a piece of work that may be attended with considerable danger?"

"I should like nothing better," said the adventurous Miss Carnaby.

Please turn to page 4

How soft and smooth your skin feels after a FILM STAR BEAUTY BATH

LUX TOILET SOAP

costs so little . . . lasts so long

A LEVER PRODUCT

CASTLES IN THE AIR

Her path to happiness was barred by riches.

By **JOSEPHINE BENTHAM**

HE had brought her to the most expensive tea-room, realising well enough that neither the strawberry tarts nor Billy Edmond's band music really meant anything to her. It was because they didn't mean anything that he thought she had to have them.

She'd been happier that day—that one day—they had gone to a sandwich bar. Then she'd had a cheese sandwich and a cup of coffee. She'd wrapped her slim legs round the stool and laughed over the quips of a young man dressed like a surgeon in clean starched white. He, of course, had thought she was pretending.

"What's the matter?" he demanded. "Don't you like that little strawberry thing?"

"I like it all right," she said. "It's not the most important thing in my life. Patrick, I love you so much I can't stand it!"

"That's how I love you."

"It's simply awful. Patrick, I'll say it once more. You're a pig!"

He nodded.

"The pig of the world. It's self-preservation. All that money is bigger than I am—and I know it."

"But I keep telling you, Patrick—I'll get rid of the money!"

He shook his head. "I won't marry you without the money. I won't marry you with the money. That's how it is, darling."

They were always going over the same ground—knowing it got them nowhere.

It had been madness, he kept telling himself, for a young research chemist to fall in love with Christine Barton, with her almost fabulous wealth. That money had been left her by her father, who had died when she was seven years old, and it was still safely invested in Andrew Barton's stores. She had always had it—and so didn't think of it much.

"Let's get out of here, Christine," Patrick said abruptly.

"Yes," she said. "And I just discovered I've lost my powder compact. I'll have to get another."

The door closed on the orchestra playing sweet strains for the tea-dancers. They went across the street to Barton's enormous store for a powder compact.

Lovely things gleamed under the glass display cases. Following the Barton policy, the saleswomen were comely young women in simple and charming uniforms. The place had leisure and a faint, permeating fragrance.

"A plain compact, please," Christine said. "A black one, I think."

"Yes, Miss Barton."

They all knew who she was. They liked her to come into the store.

The brown-haired salesgirl reached down into the case. Her finger-tips left damp marks on the glass. This was curious because, although it was hot outside, the store was air-conditioned. But the brown-haired girl was very pale, and her blue eyes seemed enormous in her pale face.

Then she keeled over quite suddenly just as she was groping for the plain black compact on the shelf.

Patrick ran round the counter and took her in his arms. Miss Loomis, of the perfume counter, hurried over with a bottle of eau-de-Cologne. But the brown-haired girl opened her eyes almost at once. She was, it seemed, ashamed of herself.

"We're going to take you home," said Christine firmly.

Rachel Donahue protested, but Christine insisted, and in Patrick's battered old car they drove to Rachel's modest little home. Mrs. Donahue, a comfortable, motherly soul, received them with no undue flurry. She was not a whit put out, apparently, by the honor of Christine's visit.

"My Rachel is such a silly," she declared placidly. "Lettin' herself faint in Barton's store! I say it's a fool she's made of herself! It's Michael's fault, too," she added grudgingly.

"They don't know what you're talking about, mother!" said Rachel.

"They could guess," said Mrs. Donahue, and smiled at Christine. "Michael's the boy friend."

Rachel turned suddenly to Christine.

"I'll leave it to you, Miss Barton. I'd like to know what you think. It's—well, it's about Michael Warner, the man I've been more or less engaged to for three solid years. Michael works in a garage, you see, and he doesn't make what I make. Oh, we're doing all right! Mother has her pension; with that and with what Michael and I make together, we could all live in style. But, oh, no! That's not good enough for Michael! He's not a man, to hear him tell it, if he can't make as much as his wife.

"So for three solid years we've been going round in circles, talking and talking and talking about it! Mother will tell you; I've almost gone out of my mind! But now what do you honestly think, Miss Barton?"

Christine didn't look at Patrick.

"I think Michael's selfish," she said. "I think he's silly and stubborn and *selfish!*"

"Yes," said Rachel, with fervor. "And haven't I told him! It's stupid. The only life we have—and Michael and me not getting any younger and liking each other so much——"

"I—I understand," said Christine, not looking at Patrick.

"Last night," Rachel went on breathlessly, "we had another quarrel. Naturally we quarrel. All the time. You'd think we hated each other. P'raps we do—I don't know. Anyway—last night—what with it being so hot and everything—I went to pieces."

"Walked up and down her room," put in Mrs. Donahue, frowning. "Wouldn't eat her breakfast!"

"No," said Rachel. "What did I want with breakfast? That's what I felt. Anyway," she added, coloring slightly, "it explains what happened at the store."

"Well," said Christine. "Don't go to work to-morrow. Don't let her go, Mrs. Donahue!" She turned back to Rachel, smiling. "Stay at home and think of things to say to that man."

Patrick and Christine walked slowly down the three flights of thinly-carpeted steps without saying a word. They had driven some way before either of them felt like saying anything.

"I'd like," Christine said slowly, then, "to know what happens to Michael and Rachel."

"Something may happen, of course. He may have a rise."

"But if he doesn't——"

Patrick shrugged his shoulders. "He'll do as I intend to do, I suppose!" he said grimly.

His thin hands were tight on the wheel and his eyes were fastened savagely on the road ahead.

"It's pretty hopeless—isn't it, Patrick?" Christine ventured.

"Looks like it."

He left her at the door of the big town house. She wanted it like that. It was, they agreed, a definite good-bye.

. . . . . .

For a long time Christine made a point of not going into the shop. When she did go at last, she was drawn by an almost hurtful curiosity. She simply had to know about Rachel and Michael.

Rachel was no longer behind the counter of jewelled knick-knacks. She had been transferred to the layette department. Well, thought Christine, a fine place for a girl whose man wouldn't marry her.

"What can I do for—oh!" said Rachel Donahue. "I didn't recognise you, Miss Barton!"

Christine hesitated a moment.

"Miss Donahue, if you don't mind telling me—if it isn't too—well! I mean—how's Michael?"

Please turn to page 28

Christine seemed happier at the sandwich bar than Patrick had ever seen her.

National Library of Australia http://nla.gov.au/nla.news-page4722011

The Great Flock

Continued from page 2

"IF there is a risk at all," Poirot said, "it will be a grave one. You comprehend — either this is a mare's-nest or else it is serious. To find out which it is, it will be necessary for you yourself to become a member of the Great Flock. I would suggest that you exaggerate the amount of the legacy that you recently inherited. You are now a well-to-do woman with no very definite aim in life.

"You argue with your friend Emmeline about this religion she has adopted—assure her that it is all nonsense. She is eager to convert you.

"You allow yourself to be persuaded to go down to the Sanctuary. And there you fall a victim to the persuasive powers and magnetic influence of Dr. Andersen. I think I can safely leave that part to you."

Miss Carnaby smiled modestly. She murmured: "I think I can manage that all right."

. . . . . .

"Well, my friend, what have you got for me?"

Chief Inspector Japp looked thoughtful. He said ruefully: "Not at all what I'd like to have, Poirot. I hate these long-haired religious cranks like poison. Filling up women with a lot of mumbo-jumbo. But this fellow's being careful. There's nothing one can get hold of. All sounds a bit batty, but harmless."

"Have you learned anything about this Dr. Andersen?"

"I've looked up his past history. Was a promising chemist and got chucked out of some German University. Seems his mother was Jewish. He was always keen on the study of Oriental Myths and Religions, spent all his spare time on that and has written various articles on the subject—some of the articles sound pretty crazy to me."

"So it is possible that he is a genuine fanatic?"

"It seems likely."

"What about those names and addresses I gave you?"

"Nothing doing there. Miss Everitt died of ulcerative colitis. Doctor quite positive there was no hanky-panky. Mrs. Lloyd died of broncho-pneumonia. Lady Western died of tuberculosis. Had suffered from it many years ago—before she even met this bunch. Miss Lee died of typhoid—attributed to some salad she ate somewhere in the north of England.

"Three of them got ill and died in their own homes, and Mrs. Lloyd died in an hotel in the south of France. As far as those deaths go, there's nothing to connect them with the Great Flock or with Andersen's place down in Devonshire. Must be pure coincidence."

Hercule Poirot sighed.

. . . . . .

"It is the peace here that I find so wonderful," said Miss Carnaby, ecstatically.

"I told you so, Amy," said Emmeline Clegg.

The two friends were sitting on the slope of a hillside overlooking a deep and lovely blue sea. The grass was vivid green, the earth and the cliffs a deep glowing red.

The little estate now known as Green Hills Sanctuary was a promontory comprising about six acres. Only a narrow neck of land joined it to the mainland, so that it was almost an island.

Mrs. Clegg murmured sentimentally: "The red land—the land of glow and promise—where threefold destiny is to be accomplished."

Miss Carnaby sighed deeply and said: "I thought the Master put it all so beautifully at the service last night."

"Wait," said her friend, "for the festival to-night. The Full Growth of the Pasture!"

"I'm looking forward to it," said Miss Carnaby.

"You will find it a wonderful spiritual experience," her friend promised her.

The festival was held in a big square building, hung with handsome tapestries, called by the initiates the Sacred Fold. Here the devotees assembled just before the setting of the sun. They wore a variety of garments including sheepskins and Grecian robes. In the centre of the fold on a raised platform stood Dr. Andersen. He was a big man, dark-haired and blue-eyed, with heavy eyebrows and moustache and ruggedly handsome profile. He was dressed in a heavy white robe and carried a shepherd's crook of gold.

He raised this aloft and a deathly silence fell on the assembly.

"Where are my sheep?"

The answer came from the crowd: "We are here, O Shepherd."

"Lift up your hearts with joy and thanksgiving. This is the Feast of Joy."

"The Feast of Joy, and we are joyful."

"There shall be no more sorrow for you, no more pain. All is joy!"

"All is joy . . ."

"How many heads has the Shepherd?"

"Three heads: a head of gold, a head of silver, a head of sounding brass."

"How many bodies have the Sheep?"

"Three bodies: a body of flesh, a body of corruption, and a body of light."

"How shall you be sealed in the flock?"

"By the Sacrament of Blood."

"Are you prepared for that Sacrament?"

"We are."

"Bind your eyes and hold forth your right arms."

The crowd obediently bound their eyes with green scarves provided for the purpose.

Miss Carnaby, like the rest, held her arm out in front of her.

The Great Shepherd moved along the lines of his flock. There were little cries, moans of either pain or ecstasy.

Miss Carnaby, to herself, said fiercely: "Most blasphemous, the whole thing! This kind of religious hysteria is to be deplored. I shall remain absolutely calm and observe the reactions of other people."

The Great Shepherd had come to her. She felt her arm taken, held, there was a sharp, stinging pain—the prick of a needle. The Shepherd's voice murmured: "The Sacrament of Blood that brings joy . . ."

He passed on.

Presently there came a command. "Unveil and enjoy the pleasures of the spirit!"

The sun was just sinking. Miss Carnaby looked round her. At one with the others, she moved slowly out of the fold. She felt suddenly uplifted, happy. She sank down on a soft grassy bank. Why had she ever thought she was a miserable, unwanted middle-aged woman? Life was wonderful—she herself was wonderful.

She had the power of thought—of dreaming. There was nothing that she could not accomplish.

A great rush of exhilaration surged through her. She observed her fellow devotees round her—they seemed suddenly to have grown to an immense stature.

"Like trees walking," said Miss Carnaby to herself reverently.

She lifted her hand. It was a purposeful gesture—with it she could command the earth. Hitler, Mussolini—poor, miserable little fellows! They knew nothing of what she, Amy Carnaby, could do! To-morrow she could arrange for World Peace. There should be no more war.

But there need be no hurry. Time was infinite. Minute succeeded minute, hour succeeded hour.

Her limbs felt heavy, but her mind was delightfully free. It could roam at will over the whole universe. She slept—but even as she slept she dreamt . . . great spaces . . . vast buildings . . . a new and wonderful world . . .

Gradually the world shrank; Miss Carnaby yawned. She moved her stiff limbs. What had happened since yesterday? Last night she had dreamt . . .

There was a moon. By it, Miss Carnaby could just distinguish the figures on her watch. To her stupefaction the hands pointed to a quarter to ten. The sun, as she knew, had set at eight-ten. Only an hour and thirty-five minutes ago? Impossible. And yet——

"Very remarkable," said Miss Carnaby to herself.

. . . . . .

Hercule Poirot said: "You must obey my instructions very carefully. You understand?"

"Oh, yes, Mr. Poirot. You may rely on me."

"You have spoken of your intention to benefit the cult?"

"Yes, Mr. Poirot. I spoke to the Master—excuse me, to Dr. Andersen — myself. I told him very emotionally what a wonderful revelation the whole thing had been —how I had come to scoff and remained to believe. I—really it seemed quite natural to say all these things. Dr. Andersen, you know, has a lot of magnetic charm."

"So I perceive," said Poirot.

"His manner was most convincing. One really feels he doesn't care about money at all. 'Give what you can,' he said, smiling in that wonderful way of his; 'if you can give nothing, it does not matter. You are one of the Flock just the same.' 'Oh, Dr. Andersen,' I said, 'I am not so badly off as that. I have just inherited a considerable amount of money from a distant relative, and though I cannot actually touch any of the money until the legal formalities are all complied with, there is one thing I want to do at once.'

"Then I explained that I was making a will and that I wanted to leave all I had to the Brotherhood. I explained that I had no near relatives."

"And he graciously accepted the bequest?"

"He was very detached about it. Said it would be many long years before I passed over, that he could tell I was cut out for a long life of joy and spiritual fulfilment. He really speaks most movingly."

"So it would seem." Poirot's tone was dry. He went on: "You mentioned your health?"

"Yes, Mr. Poirot. I told him that I had had lung trouble, and that it recurred more than once, but that a final treatment in a sanatorium some years ago had, I hoped, quite cured me."

"Excellent."

"Though why it is necessary for me to say that I am consumptive when my lungs are as sound as a bell I really cannot see."

"Be assured it is necessary. You mentioned your friend?"

"Yes. I told him, strictly in confidence, that dear Emmeline, besides the fortune she had inherited from her husband, would inherit an even larger sum shortly from an aunt of her husband's who was deeply attached to her."

"Good! That ought to keep Mrs. Clegg safe for the time being."

"Oh, Mr. Poirot, do you really think there is anything wrong?"

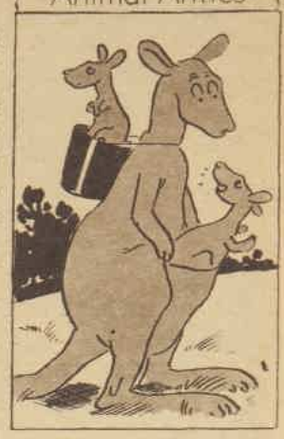
"That is what I am going to find out. Have you met a Mr. Cole down at the Sanctuary?"

"There was a Mr. Cole there last time I went down. A most peculiar man. He wears dark green shorts and a long-sleeved white shirt, and eats nothing but cabbage. He is a very ardent believer."

"Mademoiselle, all progresses well. I make you my compliments on the work you have done. All is now set for the next festival."

Please turn to page 8

Animal Antics



"It's my turn to ride in the dicky seat, Mum."

WHEN war burst upon Western Europe, trawlers of the British fishing fleets were hastily requisitioned for naval action in mine-laying and mine-sweeping. No longer could they be spared for the peace-time pursuits. Keeping our shipping lanes open was a full time job. In Australia, imported fish liver oil became scarce. Reserve stocks were rapidly being depleted. But war out-put depends on fitness and fitness on nutrition and nutrition depends on vitamins. So the authorities entrusted with the care of national health sought the aid of Australian Fish Derivatives Pty. Ltd. in creating and organising a new industry to locally produce and supply from Australian fish livers this essential dietetic element.

The Net Result is "Scomol," the new reliable source of Vitamins A and D. Every gramme of "Scomol" is guaranteed to contain 1,000 International Units of Vitamin A to build resistance against infection and promote vigorous growth, and 100 International Units of Vitamin D to control body metabolism and promote good bone development. Bland, without the penetrating taste of previously imported fish liver oils, "Scomol" is more palatable for children and adults with a natural revulsion to strong fishy tastes.

The non-availability of imported cod liver oil has resulted in manufacturers of nearly all the well-known emulsions and extracts fortifying their products with "SCOMOL."
Your chemist will gladly recommend the one best suited to your needs. Remember the name, "Scomol," and ask him to-day.

'SCOMOL'
OLEUM VITAMINATUM B.P.

AUSTRALIAN FISH DERIVATIVES PTY. LTD., 6-8 City Road, South Melbourne—MX3633, MX3645

Rheumatism, Ankles Puffy, Backache, Kidneys Strained?

If you're feeling out o-sorts, have sleepless nights, or suffer from Dizziness, Nervousness, Backache, Leg Pains, Swollen Ankles, Rheumatism, Excess Acidity, or Loss of Energy and feel old before your time, Kidney Trouble is the true cause.

Wrong foods and drinks, worry, colds or overwork may create an excess of acids and place a heavy strain on your kidneys so that they function poorly and need help to properly refresh your blood and maintain health and energy.

Help Kidneys Doctors' Way

Many doctors have discovered by scientific clinical tests and in actual practice that a quick and sure way to help the kidneys clean out excess poisons and acids is with a scientifically prepared prescription called Cystex. Hundreds and hundreds of Doctors' records prove this.

No Benefit — No Pay

The very first dose of Cystex goes right to work helping your Kidneys remove excess acids. Quickly, this makes you feel like new again. And so certain are the makers that Cystex will satisfy you completely they ask you to try it under a money back guarantee. You be the judge. If not entirely satisfied just return the empty package and get your money back.

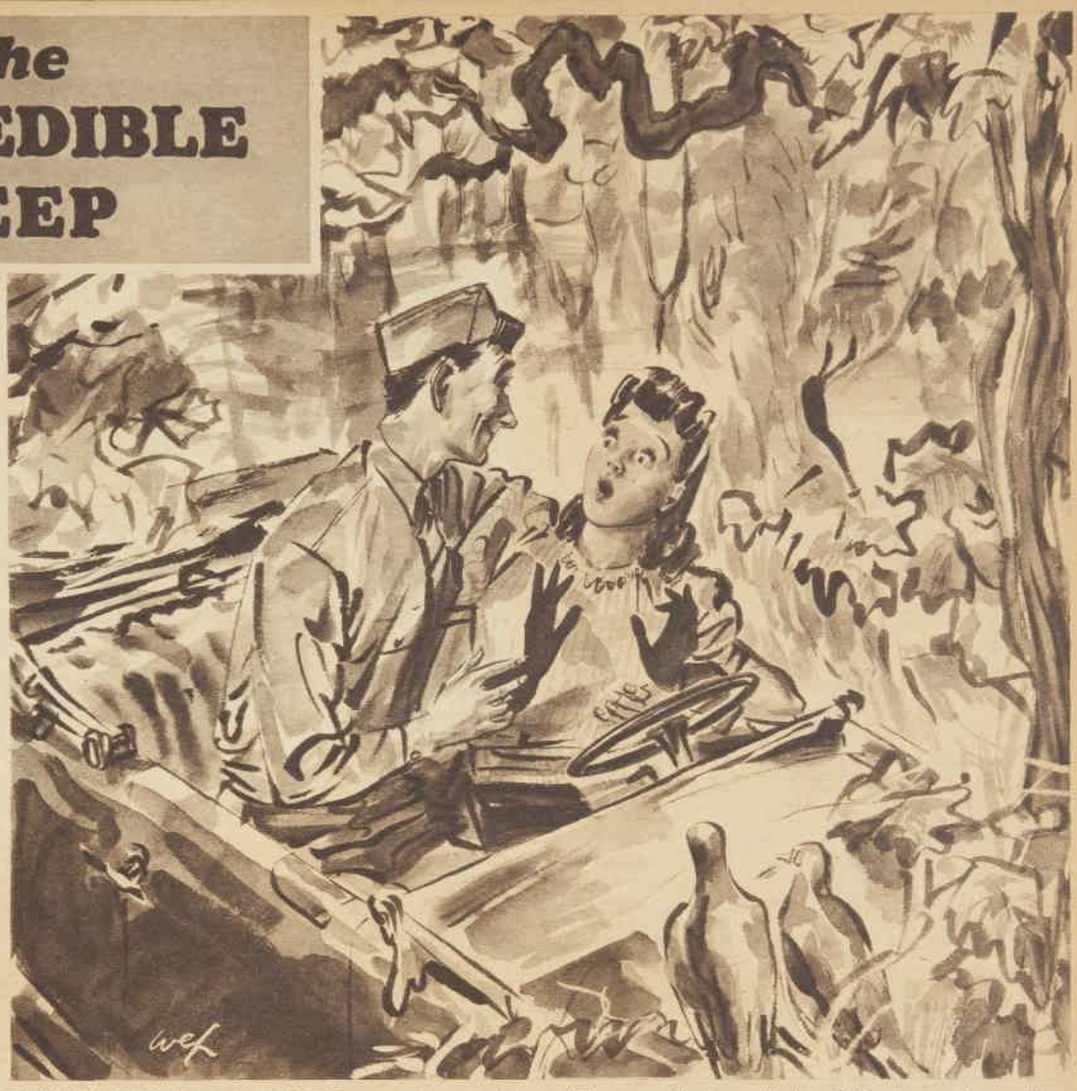
Cystex costs little at chemists and stores and the money back guarantee protects you. **Now in 3 sizes — 1/9, 4/-, 8/-.**

Cystex The *GUARANTEED* Treatment for Kidneys Bladder Rheumatism

National Library of Australia http://nla.gov.au/nla.news-page4722012

The INCREDIBLE JEEP

Final instalment of our delightful comedy serial



"By gum, it's love—that's what's been going on!" exclaimed Ulysses Tecumseh.

GUARDS were about to obey General Shelton's order and take the hapless Ulysses Tecumseh back to the guardhouse, when knuckles rapped on the door and a soldier entered.

"Mr. Mortimer H. Breckenridge to see the general," he said.

"Did you tell him I am engaged in an important investigation?" asked the general.

"I explained to him, sir. And the gentleman with Mr. Breckenridge told me not to be a fool, sir. He said it was concerning the investigation, and that this wasn't the Gestapo, sir. He said, sir, and he insisted that I quote him exactly, 'You say to the general that he better let us in and call off his blasted third degree, or I'll raise more trouble than he can scoop up in a handbasket.'"

"That quotation," said Martin, "sounds like Old Man Stone."

"There is no question that Clap is entitled to counsel."

"None." Martin paused. "And we can't push Breckenridge around. He's too big."

"Sit down, Clap," said the general. "Admit Mr. Breckenridge and Mr. Stone."

Harve Stone's father came in first, a caricature of belligerence.

"Hello, Shelton," he said, ignoring titles. "Let's get down to business and clean this nonsense up. Figured the nincompoop needed a lawyer, so I sent for Breck. Find we don't need a lawyer, but Breck's here anyhow, so he might's well do his stuff."

Mr. Breckenridge smiled wryly. "Mr. Stone," he said, "is an informal person."

"Never mind formalities, Mr. Breckenridge," said the general. "What we want is the truth. We think we have it."

"Instead of torturin' this young spriggins," roared Mr. Stone, "you ought to be hangin' a medal on him. Saved your blasted camp, didn't he?"

"I suggest we proceed in a somewhat more orderly manner," said the distinguished lawyer. "Undoubtedly you have heard this young man's story and find it incredible."

"The evidence against him seems to be conclusive. We have even found in his possession an infernal machine."

"Indeed!" said Mr. Breckenridge. "If I may say so, General, this investigation has proceeded on assumptions rather than along lines which would bring the facts to light. This is an informal interrogation of the prisoner?"

"Precisely."

"So we may proceed in an informal manner. I have not consulted with my client. He has not even signified that he accepts me to represent him."

"I accept anybody," said Ulysses Tecumseh. "I'd accept anybody that had a kind word to say for me, even if it was Silly Billy Binks back home in Beecham."

"You understand, Mr. Stone," said the general gravely, "that your son has been dangerously compromised by the prisoner."

"Oh, Harve! He's always compromised by somebody. I wouldn't sleep easy if Harve wasn't bein' compromised."

"May we," asked Breckenridge, "have in a few witnesses who will throw a new light upon the situation?"

"I've told you," the general said testily, "that we are after the truth."

It was Mr. Stone who stamped to the door, opened it, and roared into the hall, "Come in here! All of you! Get a move on!"

Ulysses Tecumseh stared at the door. Through it came first a soldier in some disarray. He had been to the wars. One eye needed the solace of a piece of beefsteak. One corner of his mouth had been cut. His shirt was torn. He was in a state of agitation, for he was pale and his eyes shifted from face to face uneasily. He did not enter wholly under his own steam. Someone shoved him.

The person who did the propelling came next. It was Broken-nose; Ulysses Tecumseh opened his mouth and shut it again like an astonished goldfish. He stared from Broken-nose to the young man he had propelled into the office. It was the quiet, studious soldier who occupied the bed across from him in barracks.

Broken-nose was glaring, he even glared at the general. Behind him came Nancy Shelton, and last Harve Stone.

The general showed the first signs of incipient tantrum.

"What's this? What's this?" he said, with the staccato of a machine-gun. "What are you doing here, Nancy? What's this mean? What does this mean, I say?"

"Now, Uncle!" Nancy said. "Beanpole needed some expert looking after, so I took on the job. Harve and I. But Broken-nose turned out to be a warrior, too. Just keep nice and calm, Uncle, and everything will be made as plain as print."

Broken-nose did not quail under the general's glare nor under his command to proceed. "Well, General, it's like this," he said huskily. "This here cluck Clap, he's got me fooled two-three ways. I think he's a drip; see? Then I think he's one of these here Fifth Columnists. Then I think he ain't. Then I think he is again, and I hand him one on the sweetspot. He takes the count."

The general looked more than slightly dazed.

"Listen," went on Broken-nose; "I been a pug. Just in the prelims. I run with the boys. I won't say I never had no trouble with the cops. See? Well, even was I a yegg, that don't stop me bein' a good citizen, what I mean. They's lots like me—get the idea? Maybe they's boys that's too handy with a rod or that can turn a box inside out like it was made of cheese, but they're back of the government—see?—with all they got. They got no use fur these here subversive elements, and does this country get in a jam they start swingin'!"

"He means," interpreted Mr. Breckenridge, "that even the criminal classes may be imbued with patriotism."

"I says what I mean, plain," said Broken-nose. "What I mean, I got no more use for a Fifth Columnist than I got for a stooly. Well, no sooner do I get throwed in this dump than I wise up there's Fifth Columnists around. I peel the ol' onions 'n' watch. I think this drip Clap is one, and then I change my mind, and then the night of the big blow-off I change it back again and leave him have my Sunday punch.

By C. B. KELLAND

"But I wise up he ain't the head man. I wise up who the big finger is. So this gabby broad"—he jerked his head towards Nancy Shelton—"she catches up with me, and I see she's carryin' a blaze for Clap, but she gives out plenty. So she and me and Harve, here, we talk this and that, and we get the idea the only way is to make Stevens rattle."

"Rattle!" said the general.

"Broadly," said Breckenridge, "he means confess."

"I talk plain English," said Broken-nose. "And what I mean, this Clap ain't no drip, like he looks. He's got what it takes. He's a right guy, though I don't like his type; see? I know what he done, with a busted head and it took guts. But that ain't what I'm comin' to. This skirt, she looks a mushy look at Stevens, and he falls. So she takes him for a ride. She keeps on ridin' with him till Harve and me takes charge.

"So Harve and me we take this Stevens to the old icehouse and we ask him will he talk, and he will not talk. We kind of work on him, and then he talks. Didn't he talk we keep workin' him over till he's got nothin' to talk wit'. He sings pretty . . . Go ahead 'n' sing, Stevens," said Broken-nose. "Start with staeshin' the stuff in Clap's trunk."

Stevens opened his swollen lips, but Broken-nose interrupted. "Don't leave out nuttin'," he said, "or Harve and me, we'll be patriotic some more."

"Very well, Stevens," directed Mr. Breckenridge. "Are you a Fifth Columnist?"

"Yes."

"Have you been distributing subversive literature in this camp?"

"Yes."

"Did you hide a quantity of it in Private Clap's trunk?"

"Yes."

"Were you in charge of subversive activities in this locality?"

"Yes."

"Describe what happened on the night of the fire."

"We knew when the gasoline was brought to the icehouse," said Stevens rather indistinctly. "We went there to get it. We started back to camp, five of us. The plan was to set fire to this building, and then, in the excitement, to fire the hospital and set other blazes. If there was a wind we hoped the camp would be destroyed."

"Did you see Private Clap?"

"He ran into us in the woods. It was dark. I hit him over the head and one of the others kicked in his ribs. We left him."

"When did you next see him?"

"I had poured gasoline where it would be the most good back of this building. I lighted a match to touch it off. Clap dived out of the darkness into the flames. His body put them out. I ran because I did not know who else was coming. I heard Clap shouting for help."

"What about this device?" Mr. Breckenridge asked, pointing to the table.

"It did not get here in time, and I put it with Clap's tools and things in the day-room."

"Why did you plant these pieces of evidence on Clap? Did you have anything against him?"

"No. But we always try to provide a fall guy," said Stevens. "He looked like the easiest."

"Where did you hit Clap over the head?"

"In the woods not far from the lake."

"How far is that from this building?"

"Maybe four miles."

"So Private Clap, with broken ribs, with his head battered so that he must have had a minor concussion, managed to get to his feet and follow you?"

"He must have."

"You went rapidly?"

"As fast as we could."

"And he, in his condition, arrived in time to frustrate your plans?"

Broken-nose could not maintain silence. "I don't like the guy," he said, "but, what I mean, he's got guts."

Breckenridge glanced at the general, who was regarding Ulysses Tecumseh with a peculiar gaze.

"Had Private Clap any connection with any subversive organisation?"

"Not that I know of," said Stevens.

"Had he any part or share in the plot to burn this camp?"

"He had not."

"But on the contrary, it was he, and he alone, who brought the scheme to nothing by his stamina when grievously injured, by his fortitude, and by his courage?"

Please turn to page 18

National Library of Australia http://nla.gov.au/nla.news-page4722013

Two of a Kind

A lighthearted story of two officers and gentlemen of the old school, and the unconventional way they settled an affair of honor.

MAJOR FAIRBAIRN'S last clear recollection of the previous night was holding a long suit in spades, headed by ace, king, and ten. He barely got through with the aid of his partner's queen. Colonel Solway's jack falling on the third lead.

That he and his partner had ended the session seven hundred points to the good was evidenced by the presence of the colonel's cheque for £7 in the breast pocket of his coat. He could not recall having received the cheque; but there it was; and that was that!

Funny how these nights went. First, you don't remember much at all in the cold light of the morning after. Then light filters through . . . you remember shouting much louder than one would in ordinary circumstances—and the persistent way the waiter kept bobbing in front of you with drinks . . . as though he were in control of one of those endless conveyers—a sort of beer escalator.

With this rather fanciful thought Major Fairbairn turned to other things.

He stared into the mirror, rubbing the dark pouches under his eyes, and decided that a hair of the dog which had bitten him was the logical course. He cursed eloquently and at length when he noted how his hand shook as he drew the cork.

The mere thought of breakfast upset his stomach, and he compromised with a second "short" of liqueur whisky, feeling materially better as it permeated his veins and produced a pleasant feeling of warmth. A little later, sitting in a sunny corner, nursing his head despondently, he chanced to finger his chin and was reminded that he needed a shave. With the major, decision meant immediate action, and within fifteen minutes he was seated in a barber's chair.

It was not a coincidence that the barber, who rejoiced in the merited appellation of "Chummy," was suffering also from the effects of the previous night. In this, at least, he and the major had much in common. Almost every morning witnessed them recovering from last night's jag—morose, shaky, and adequately fortified by "revivers."

Chummy was one of those barbers always saying things behind your back. Like, "Nice day," and "I think we got the Fritz where we want him now!" And all the time the only thing you wanted to do was to doze in the chair until the more or less soft and sloppy miniatrations were over and done with . . .

Chummy was manoeuvring around the ends of the major's bristling tooth-brush moustache when the inevitable happened. The razor turned in his shaking hand and cut a deep gash in the gallant warrior's lip.

The major writhed, but did not rise. He was as yet unaware of the extent of the injury. A keen razor does not inflict much pain, however deeply it wounds.

Like all barbers who know their job, Chummy was a complete dissembler. He treated slaughter with the sang froid of a communique, and as tersely. But this morning he was shaken by the accident to the major.

What with the brandy last night, his wife's terse comment on his habits this morning, and now the sliced and bleeding face of his customer, Chummy, felt that he had gone a little too far in many directions.

He was no longer master of his fate. He panicked a little—showed concern which surely would eventually communicate itself to his customer lying at his mercy in the chair.

Frantically Chummy dabbed lather on the cut, vainly hoping that it would stanch the bleeding. He diplomatically refrained from employing an astringent at that stage.

"Nicked you slightly," he explained, his hands trembling more than usual as the blood flowed freely through the coating of lather.

The major commented on his clumsiness with military precision and frankness. "I came here to be shaved, not assassinated," he growled in conclusion.

Chummy edged between his victim and the mirror, desperately jabbing at the bleeding gash with the brush.

"What the devil . . .?" began the major furiously, to break off with a splutter as the brush entered his mouth.

It was unfortunate, as just at that moment Chummy swept the razor across the opposite end of his lip. When the major jumped, his mouth full of soap, he received an even deeper cut than on the first occasion. With a howl of rage he leapt from the chair and gazed into the tell-tale mirror. It revealed two ominous gashes on his upper lip, from which blood was streaming freely.

"You ——!" yelled the infuriated major. "Are you trying to murder me?"

"Sit down!" said Chummy, flourishing the razor wildly in his excitement.

The major gazed appraisingly into the man's eyes, inflamed from the previous night's debauch and dancing with dismay.

"Mad," he gasped. "Mad as a hatter. Damme! he's trying to murder me." His eyes wandered again to the mirror. Two streams of blood and soapsuds had run across his chin and were oozing down his starched shirt.

"Sit down," Chummy ordered, grabbing him by the arm and striving to force him into the chair.

"Take your hands off me," snarled the major, jerking himself free. His left hand swung outward with the movement, his knuckles meeting the edge of the devastating razor. Mouthing oaths which were the accrued harvest of a lifetime, the outraged major dashed through the door and ran down the street, coatless, and shedding blood prodigally.

For a moment Chummy stood dumbfounded. He had not been given an opportunity to estimate the damage resulting from the second and third cuts. "Must be pretty bad," he muttered, "to make him levant like that." Still clutching the razor, he leapt through the door in pursuit of the blood-stained fugitive.

Hearing rapid footsteps following him, Major Fairbairn glanced over his shoulder. The sight that met his eyes caused him to sprint with the frenzy of fear. No longer could he doubt that the barber was seeking his life. Waving his terrible weapon in the air, the monster was on his heels. The major began shrieking for help.

"Murder!" he yelled. "Murder! Help! Police!"

It was yet early, and the footpaths of the suburb were almost deserted. But soon curious faces began to appear in doorways, and quite a small crowd formed at the tail of the hunt, yelling shrilly, but exercising caution not to overtake the killer, who appeared so determined to complete the task he had begun.

A gentleman in glasses and a striped suit seemed to take a personal interest in the chase. Tucking his walking stick in his hand, and holding on to his bowler hat, he joined in the chase, but dropped out soon after for want of breath.

He then tried to convey to those in the crowd who might be interested that he had been merely running for the train. He popped down a subway, and out of this story.

A lanky Digger grinned at the fun, and a sailor and his girl took but a languid interest in the proceedings.

But the shopkeepers of Main Street were interested. Honor was at stake. One of their number had run amok, and must be brought to book. The fate of the Chamber of Commerce was at stake. . . Meanwhile the major was making heavy weather of it.

"Help!" panted the major. His wind was failing, and the false strength born of terror dissipating. He knew that he could not sustain the terrific pace much longer, and used the remnant of his rapidly waning breath to shout for assistance.

The din brought a stationer to his door, well in advance of the chase. A swift glance told him all that was necessary, and he dashed inside to procure a long-handled mop from the corner behind the door. Holding it in his hands, he reappeared just as the major darted past, wheezing pitiably.

With his jaw set grimly, the stationer waited. A few seconds later Chummy crossed the doorway, waving his razor and shouting to his quarry to stop. With admirable precision the stationer thrust the handle of the mop between Chummy's legs and brought him down.

Emboldened by his fall, and particularly by the sight of the razor lying on the roadway beyond his reach, the rear-guard tore up and fell on him like an avalanche. It was only the timely arrival of a constable which saved the unfortunate barber from being trampled to death. In the care of the custodian of the law, followed by the major and a constantly-growing crowd, he was taken to the lock-up, protesting volubly.

It took a perspiring and perplexed magistrate two hours to resolve it next morning. Chummy was acquitted of homicidal intent, and dismissed with a lengthy caution against the snares of strong drink.

The major, his mouth liberally adorned with sticking plaster and his left arm swathed in a bandage, repaired to his club, where he spent the afternoon regaling the members with a highly-colored version of his adventure. The trouble began after dinner, during the seventh hand of bridge.

"What I can't understand," said Colonel Solway, thoughtfully sipping his eighth glass of whisky, "was your running away from the fellow."

"I didn't run away from him," explained the major stiffly. "I—ah—was aware that it was merely an accident. I only desired to—ah—escape from his clutches, as it were."

"Word juggling!" observed the colonel obstinately. "Escape from his clutches, or run away, where's the difference?"

"There's a vast difference," defended the major warmly.

"Maybe; maybe, Fairbairn. All the same, it's lucky for you that you're not a subaltern in my former regiment. By gad, sir, I should have had you court-martialled for such an exhibition of poltroonery."

"Poltroonery?" ejaculated the major. "What the devil do you mean, sir?"

Their partners laid down their cards, winked at each other, and settled themselves comfortably in their chairs. It sounded promising.

"What the devil do you mean, sir?" repeated the major.

The colonel coughed. "I should think my words were devoid of—er—ambiguity."

The major drained his glass. "It is rather fortunate for you, Colonel Solway, that the days to which you refer have passed. Otherwise my seconds would wait upon you within the hour." He thumped his fist on the table. "Within the hour, sir!"

"I don't believe it," commented the colonel.

The major grew crimson. "You don't believe it, sir?"

"No, I don't. You'd have been running away too hard to think about a duel."

"I'd have been running away, would I?" the major exclaimed hotly.

"Yesterday proved it. You'd have run at the bare thought of risking your life."

"Ah!" said the major, exhaling his breath noisily. "So I would have been running away, eh?"

"Running like the devil!"

With a hand that shook with rage, the major poured himself another glass of whisky. Swallowing it neat, he lay back with his eyes closed.

"Confounded poltroon!" commented the colonel expansively.

The major opened his eyes. "Duelling is illegal," he announced.

"Well you know it, sir."

"But there are ways of overcoming these little legal obstacles." He leaned forward, an ugly grin on his patched mouth. "We cannot involve seconds without exposing them to unwarranted risks. But there is nothing to prevent us from settling this matter in the time-honored fashion of gentlemen."

The colonel stared. "What are you drivelling about?" he demanded uneasily.

"Colonel Solway," said the major with immense dignity, "I cast back in your teeth the vile insinuation that I am a coward. I throw it back in your teeth, sir. I doubt your own courage. Doubt it absolutely. To test it, I suggest that we cut cards, the loser to commit suicide within twenty-four hours." He leaned back in his chair and grinned wickedly.

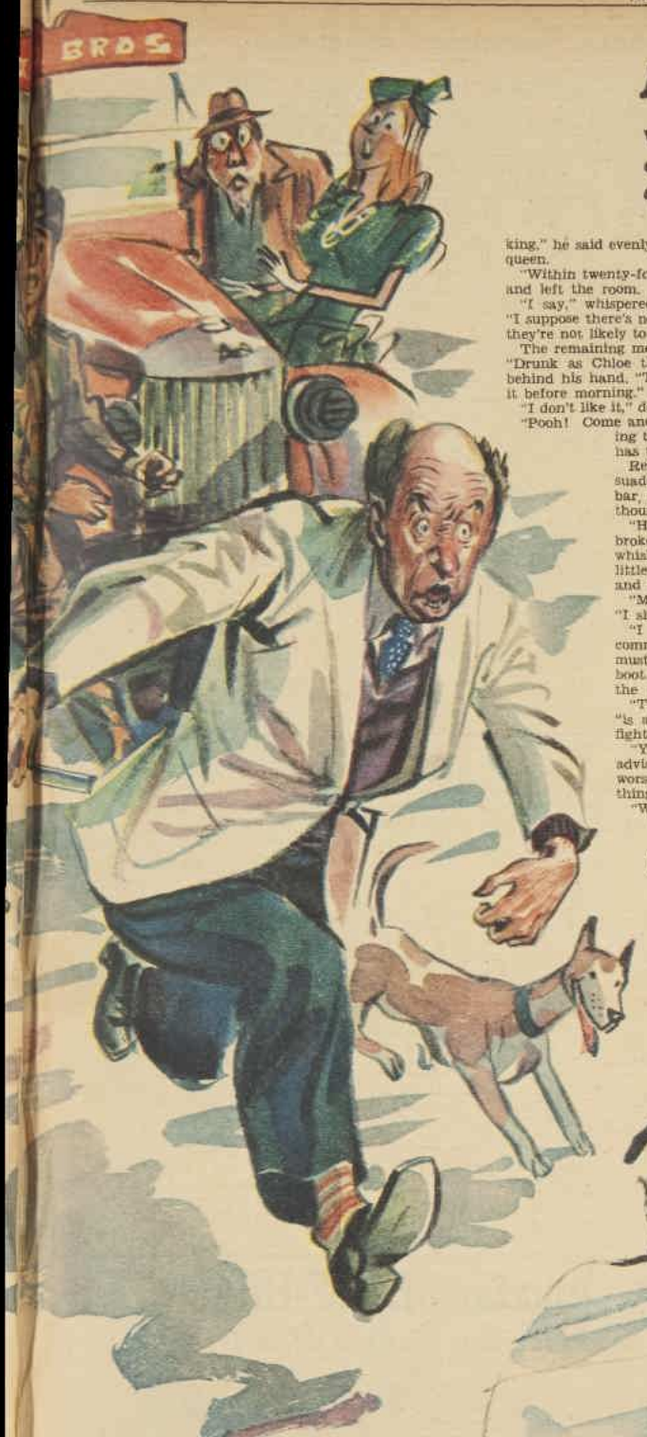
Colonel Solway cleared his throat noisily. Twice he opened his mouth to speak. But something was amiss with his vocal chords. He could not articulate.

"Accept my challenge, sir, or be publicly branded as a coward, a—ah—poltroon," said the major triumphantly.

"I—er—, I . . . I . . ." stuttered the colonel.

"Accept, or suffer the conse-

National Library of Australia http://nla.gov.au/nla.news-page4722014



By FRANK WALFORD

Winner of the £200 first prize in the humor section of The Australian Women's Weekly £2000 fiction quest. Mr. Walford is a mountain guide in the V.D.C.

quences of your cowardice," thundered the major. "Do you accept?"

The unhappy colonel, caught in his own net, glanced despairingly around the table and shuddered.

"Answer, or be branded a cur!" Under the combined stimulus of the whisky and the other's obvious reluctance, the major's audacity was increasing.

Silently the colonel bent his head. There seemed nothing else to do.

"Good!" The major lifted the odd pack of cards from the table and fanned them out, face down. "Choose one!" he said dramatically.

With beads of sweat on his forehead, Colonel Solway extended his hand over the pack, irresolutely waving it back and forth like a conjurer working on the feelings of his audience.

"Draw one!" ordered the implacable major.

The unhappy man took a deep breath, hesitated a second, and then snatched a card with a convulsive snap. A smile broke on his ashen face as he exposed it.

"A queen!" he spluttered joyously.

Slowly the major stretched out his hand and drew his card. "A king," he said evenly, and laid it beside the eclipsed queen.

"Within twenty-four hours," he remarked fiercely and left the room.

"I say," whispered his partner across the table, "I suppose there's nothing to worry about? I mean, they're not likely to carry it through, are they?"

The remaining member of the foursome laughed. "Drunk as Chloe the pair of 'em," he whispered behind his hand. "They'll have forgotten all about it before morning."

"I don't like it," declared the first man, dubiously.

"Pooh! Come and have a drink. There's nothing to worry about. Neither of 'em has the pluck for anything serious."

Reluctantly the other was persuaded, and they repaired to the bar, leaving Colonel Solway to his thoughts.

"Honor involved," he muttered brokenly, and poured himself a whisky with trembling hands. A little later he rose, staggered slightly, and went home.

"Margaret," he said to his wife, "I shall not live till to-morrow."

"I shouldn't be surprised," she commented callously. "Your liver must be studded like a hob-nailed boot. It's about time you signed the pledge."

"This," he explained with dignity, "is a question of honor. I am to fight a duel with Major Fairbairn."

"You had better go to bed," she advised. "I've rarely seen you worse, and that's saying something."

"We have fought the duel," he amended. "And I am to die."

"Well, go and die in bed. I don't want you littering up my lounge-room."

He drew himself erect, placing a hand on the table to ensure his balance. "I don't expect you to understand. But my honor is involved. We cut cards, and I lost."

"How much did you lose?" she asked with sudden interest.

"My life!"

"Oh! Is that all?"

He expanded his chest. "I lost my life; but I shall retain my honor. Good-bye, Margaret, I shall die with your name on my lips."

"That's better than stale whisky on them," she retorted, and swept out.

The colonel shook his head glumly. She did not comprehend! Well, that was not his fault. He had been most explicit. It only remained to vindicate his honor, and pass out like an officer and a gentleman!

Slowly he mounted the stairs to his bedroom. He stood for some minutes, staring into vacancy. Then, with a sigh, he pulled open a small drawer and took out an old-fashioned army revolver. Mechanically he spun the chambers to assure himself that it was loaded. Through the open ends the leaden bullets showed like sinister grubs, and the muzzle glared like an evil eye. He sighed again, prodigiously, and returned the weapon to the drawer. Thoroughly unhappy, he tramped down the stairs and thrust his head into the lounge where his wife was knitting. The musical click of the needles ceased.

"Still alive?" she inquired with marital sarcasm, and resumed her knitting.

He repaired to the dining-room, opened his cellarette, and took out a bottle of whisky, drinking three stiff nobblers in quick succession.

"Honor involved," he muttered thickly, and rose to his feet. But memory of those leaden bullets, gleaming wickedly through the ends of the chambers, caused him to resume his seat and drink another whisky.

The light began to dance. Then it split into two lights which circled each other like twin stars. He lurched to his feet and staggered into the hall. By a desperate effort of will he managed to dial the telephone number of his club.

"Is Major Fairbairn there?" he asked with a hiccup.

"Yes, sir."

"Tell him not to leave. Tell him Colonel Solway is coming to see him on 'portant business." He hiccupped again as he dropped the transmitter and left it dangling at the end of its cord.

Major Fairbairn had just gone down on four hearts, doubled, when Colonel Solway reeled uncertainly across the room and came to rest with both hands on the card-table.

"What the devil do you want?" asked the major testily.

"We cut the cards, Fairbairn; cut the cards."

"We did, sir. And you have a solemn duty to perform within twenty-four hours."

"You're no sportsman," declared the colonel witth a leer.

The major's face grew purple.

"Not a sportsman," repeated the colonel.

"It's the first time I've been accused of it, by gad!"

"Are you a sportsman?" the colonel asked with maudlin dignity.

"I hope I am, sir."

Colonel Solway seized the spare pack, which had been "washed up" in readiness for the next deal, and solemnly fanned it out in front of the curious major.

"Then I'll cut you again, double or quits!" he hiccupped.

(Copyright)

The sight that met his eye as he glanced backwards set the major shrieking madly for help.

National Library of Australia http://nla.gov.au/nla.news-page4722015

Take it from me

CRAVEN "A"

quality gives you a throat smooth smoke — always

CONSISTENT quality is something worth getting in a cigarette. Every Craven 'A' has the same coolness, smoothness, freshness—just those points which make for extra smoking pleasure.

10 for 11d.
20 for 1/10

They never Vary!

28148

CARRERAS LIMITED — 151 YEARS' REPUTATION FOR QUALITY

He knew those darling hands!

How could he mistake those soft, white hands — that light, caressing touch? Her hands had fascinated him from the start . . . You can make *your* hands softer, whiter, really enchanting — almost overnight, with Pond's Hand Lotion. So silky-smooth, not the least bit greasy, you can leave it on all night. Just sprinkle a few drops into the palms of your hands and massage well in with a hand washing motion. Pond's Hand Lotion is obtainable at all stores and chemists.

The Great Flock

Continued from page 4

ON the afternoon preceding the festival Miss Carnaby met Hercule Poirot in a small teashop in the sleepy little town of Newton Woodbury.

Poirot asked several questions, to which she replied monosyllabically. Then he said: "How many will there be at the festival?"

"I think a hundred and twenty. Emmeline is there, of course, and Mr. Cole—really he has been very odd lately. He tells me he has visions. And a lot of people who were there last time and quite a lot of new members—nearly twenty."

"Good. You know what you have to do?"

"I know what you told me, Mr. Poirot."

"Very good!"

Amy Carnaby said clearly and distinctly: "But I am not going to do it."

Hercule Poirot stared at her. Miss Carnaby rose to her feet. Her voice came fast and hysterical.

"You sent me here to spy on Dr. Andersen. You suspected him of all sorts of things. But he is a wonderful man — a great teacher. I believe in him heart and soul. And I am not going to do your spying work any more, Mr. Poirot! I am one of the sheep of the Shepherd. The Master has a new message for the world, and from now on I belong to him body and soul. And I'll pay for my own tea, please."

With which slight anticlimax Miss Carnaby planked down one and threepence and rushed out of the teashop, while Hercule Poirot stared.

The waitress had to ask him twice before he realised that she was presenting the bill. He met the interested stare of the man at the next table, flushed, paid the bill, and went out.

. . . . . .

"Are you prepared for the Sacrament?"

"We are."

"Bind your eyes and hold out your right arms."

The Great Shepherd, magnificent in his white robe, moved along the waiting lines. The cabbage-eating Mr. Cole, next to Miss Carnaby, gave a gulp of painful ecstasy as the needle pierced his flesh.

The Great Shepherd stood by Miss Carnaby. He took her arm in his hands.

"No, you don't. None of that . . ."

Words incredible—unprecedented. A scuffle, a roar of anger. Green veils were torn from eyes, to see an unbelievable sight—the Great Shepherd struggling in the grasp of Mr. Cole, aided by another devotee.

In rapid professional tones, the erstwhile Mr. Cole was saying: "—and I have here a warrant for your arrest. I must warn you that anything you say may be used in evidence at your trial."

There were other figures now—blue-uniformed figures. Someone cried: "It's the police. They're taking the Master away. It's a raid."

They were shocked—horrified. To them the Great Shepherd was a martyr, suffering, as all great teachers suffer, from the ignorance and persecution of the outside world.

Meanwhile Detective-Inspector Cole was carefully packing up the hypodermic syringe that had fallen from the Great Shepherd's hand.

. . . . . .

"My brave colleague!"

Poirot shook Miss Carnaby warmly by the hand and introduced her to Chief-Inspector Japp.

"First-class work, Miss Carnaby," said Chief-Inspector Japp. "We couldn't have done it without you, and that's a fact."

"Oh, dear!" Miss Carnaby was in a flutter. "It's so kind of you to say so. And I'm afraid, you know, that I've really enjoyed it all. The excitement, you know, and playing my part. I got quite carried away sometimes. I really felt I was one of those foolish women."

"That's where your success lay," said Japp. "You were the genuine article. Nothing less would have taken that gentleman in. He's a pretty astute scoundrel."

Miss Carnaby turned to Poirot.

"That was a terrible moment in the teashop. I didn't know what to do. I just had to act on the spur of the moment."

"You were magnificent," said Poirot warmly. "For a moment I thought that either you or I had taken leave of our senses. I thought for one little minute that you meant it."

"It was such a shock," said Miss Carnaby. "Just when we had been talking confidentially I saw in the glass that Lipscombe, who keeps the Lodge of the Sanctuary, was sitting at the table behind me. I don't know now if it was an accident or if he had actually followed me. As I say, I had to do the best I could on the spur of the moment and trust that you would understand."

Poirot smiled.

"I did understand. There was only one person sitting near enough to overhear anything we said, and as soon as I left the teashop I arranged to have him followed when he came out. When he went straight back to the Sanctuary I understood that I could rely on you and that you would not let me down—but I was afraid, because it increased the danger for you."

"Was—was there really danger? What was there in the syringe?"

Japp said: "Will you explain, or shall I?"

Poirot said gravely: "Mademoiselle, this Dr. Andersen had perfected a scheme of exploitation and murder—scientific murder. Most of his life has been spent in bacteriological research. Under a different name he has a chemical laboratory in Sheffield. There he makes cultures of various bacilli.

"It was his practice, at the festivals, to inject into his followers a small but sufficient dose of Cannabis indica—which is also known by the names of 'hashish' and 'bhang.' This gives delusions of grandeur and pleasurable enjoyment. It bound his devotees to him. These were the Spiritual Joys that he promised them."

"Most remarkable," said Miss Carnaby. "Really a most remarkable sensation."

Hercule Poirot nodded.

"That was his general stock-in-trade—a dominating personality, the power of creating mass hysteria and the reactions produced by this drug. But he had a second aim in view. Lonely women, in their gratitude and fervor, made wills leaving their money to the Cult. One by one, these women died. They died in their own homes and apparently of natural causes. But without being too technical I will explain to you this.

"It is possible to make intensified cultures of certain bacteria. Typhoid bacilli, for instance, can be introduced into the system. So can the pneumococcus. There is also what is termed 'Old Tuberculin,' which is harmless to a healthy person but which stimulates any old tubercular lesion into activity.

"You perceive the cleverness of the man? These deaths would occur in different parts of the country, with different doctors attending them and without any risk of arousing suspicion. He had also, I gather, cultivated an extra culture which had the power of delaying but intensifying the action of the chosen bacillus."

"A devil, if there ever was one," said Chief-Inspector Japp.

Poirot went on: "By my orders, you told him that you were a tuberculous subject. There was 'Old Tuberculin' in the syringe when Cole arrested him. Since you were a healthy person it would not have harmed you. I was terrified that he might choose some other germ, but I respected your courage and I had to let you take the risk."

"Oh, that's all right," said Miss Carnaby brightly. "I'm only frightened of bulls in fields and things like that. But you have enough evidence to convict this dreadful person?"

Japp grinned. "Plenty of evidence," he said. "Got his cultures and the whole layout."

Poirot said: "It is possible, I think, that he has committed a long line of murders. His tale that he was dismissed from that German University because his mother was a Jewess was not true. That merely made a convenient tale to account for his arrival here and to gain sympathy for him. Actually, I fancy, he is of pure Aryan blood."

Miss Carnaby sighed.

"What now?" asked Poirot.

"I was thinking," said Miss Carnaby, "of a marvellous dream I had at the First Festival—'hashish,' I suppose. Mussolini and Hitler were two miserable little puppets and I put them in their place and arranged the whole world so beautifully!"

"It must have been a beautiful dream," said Japp enviously.

Miss Carnaby rose. "I must get home. My sister has been so anxious. And dear Augustus has been missing me terribly, I hear."

"Augustus is my Pekingese and do you know, Inspector, really he is the cleverest dog you could imagine. "He has just learnt a new trick—when we say 'Die for Sherlock Holmes' he doesn't move, but when we say 'Die for Hercule Poirot' he goes down and lies like a log until we give him the word to move."

Poirot said with a smile:

"No wonder he has been missing you in all this then. Doubtless he was afraid that, like himself, you were going to 'Die for Hercule Poirot'!"

(Copyright)

ALL characters in the serials and short stories which appear in The Australian Women's Weekly are fictitious, and have no reference to any living person.

Amazing HALF-HEAD Tests

Prove New Shampoo's *Glorifying Action*

Thrill to see your hair glorified by this amazing new shampoo — proved by the most daring tests ever made on a shampoo!

SHOWS THRILLING DIFFERENCE: LEFT: Soap-washed side—dull, lifeless. RIGHT: Colinated side. Hair like silk.

UNIQUE "half-head tests" — one side washed with Colinated *foam*, the other with soap or powder shampoo—gave amazing results: 1. Hair washed with Colinated *foam* was up to 33% more lustrous. 2. Felt smoother and silkier. 3. Retained natural curl. 4. Took better "perms," faster.

Not a soap, not an oil, this new Colinated *foam* can't make that gummy, unrinsable "scum" of alkaline soaps and powder shampoos. Leaves hair silky—soft and glistening, and twice as thrilling. Washes away completely all dirt, grease and loose dandruff.

Ask your chemist, store or hairdresser for a bottle of Colinated *foam* Shampoo. (Economical, too, because it costs less than 4d. a shampoo.)

Sure Relief!

WOODS' GREAT PEPPERMINT CURE

For Tickling and Irritating Coughs!

National Library of Australia http://nla.gov.au/nla.news-page4722016

Movie World

¶ Brought to the screen three years ago to replace Deanna Durbin as juvenile songbird, Gloria Jean, now fourteen years old, has proved a charming acquisition to Hollywood. Having completed her Universal film, "What's Cookin'!", she is now busy on her first romantic story, "Never Been Kissed." A keen little war worker, Gloria is specially interested in getting the 300,000 schoolchildren of Los Angeles properly tagged for identification for the Advisory Defence Council.

FALSE ALARM

HE SHONE AT ALL THE BIG DISPLAYS
SHE THOUGHT HIM QUITE A HERO

BUT LATER, WHEN SHE DROPPED HIM FLAT
HIS HEART SANK DOWN TO ZERO

T'WAS PLAIN HIS GRIMY WORK-STAINED HANDS
HAD SPOILED HER FIRST FINE RAPTURE

BUT AFTER **SOLVOL** GOT THEM CLEAN
HE MADE A QUICK RECAPTURE.

HELP FOR WORKSTAINED HANDS—USE **SOLVOL!** NOTHING QUICKER, NOTHING GENTLER. THE RICH LATHER CLEANS THOROUGHLY—EASES OUT EVERY SPECK OF DIRT FROM PORES AND CREASES.

SOLVOL

S. KITCHEN & SONS PTY. LTD. S.47.2

National Library of Australia http://nla.gov.au/nla.news-page4722017

You Can Get Quick Relief From Tired Eyes

EYES OVERWORKED? Do they smart and burn? Just put two drops of Murine in each eye. Right away its six *extra ingredients* start to *cleanse and soothe*. You get—

QUICK RELIEF! Murine washes away irritation. Your eyes feel *refreshed*. Murine is *alkaline*—pure and gentle. It helps thousands—start to-day to let it help you, too.

MURINE FOR YOUR EYES

SOOTHES · CLEANSES · REFRESHES

Recipe to Darken Grey Hair

A Sydney Hairdresser Tells How To Make Remedy for Grey Hair.

Mr. Len Jeffrey, of Waverley, who has been a hairdresser for more than fifteen years, recently made the following statement:—"Anyone can prepare a simple mixture at home that will darken grey hair and make it soft and glossy. To a half-pint of water add one ounce of Bay Rum, a box of **Orlex Compound**, and 1 ounce of Glycerine. These ingredients can be bought at any chemist's at very little cost. Apply to the hair twice a week until the desired shade is obtained. This should make a grey-haired person appear 10 to 20 years younger. It does not discolour the scalp, is not sticky or greasy, and does not rub off."***

H. M. Pulham—from Boston

1 **REBEL** from conservative Boston, Harry Pulham (Young) enters New York advertising firm and meets Marvin (Lamarr).

2 **MEETING** Marvin with Harry, latter's conventional childhood sweetheart, Kay (Ruth Hussey), *senses* she has a new rival.

4 **HAPPY** to return to New York, pair plan marriage and city career together.

3 **INVITED** to Boston for week-end, Marvin meets courtesy from Mrs. Pulham (Fay Holden), but feels stifled.

5 **RECALLED** by father's death, Harry has to take over business, but Marvin refuses a Boston life.

6 **TORN BETWEEN** home ties and love for Marvin, Harry chooses Boston. His marriage to Kay is watched with cynicism by New York friend King (Van Heflin).

7 **TWENTY YEARS** of traditional married life find Kay and Harry humdrum.

Hedy as American for first time

METRO-GOLDWYN-MAYER has filmed "H. M. Pulham, Esq.," J. P. Marquand's novel of American life which has become a best-seller.

For the first time, Hedy Lamarr plays an American girl, and, what is more, a career girl.

Directed by King Vidor (who made "The Citadel"), the story co-stars Hedy with Robert Young.

8 **ENCHANTMENT** awakes from the past when Harry meets Marvin again.

They're so lasting because they're so good

The basis of the Yardley complexion care has always been a *few* simple preparations of flawless *quality*. Distinguished women, who used them from choice, will not be inconvenienced if they are now limited to these few by necessity. Furthermore, Yardley quality permits sparing use, and if care is exercised, each jar of cream, each box of powder will last for ages.

Yardley basic complexion aids will see you through.

Yardley OF LONDON

Old English Lavender ... English Complexion Cream (all-purpose Cream) ... Bond Street Complexion Powder ... Lavender Soap.

YARDLEY & COMPANY PTY. LTD., SYDNEY

SERVE AND SAVE—BUY WAR SAVINGS CERTIFICATES

New *Under-arm* **Cream Deodorant** *safely* **Stops Perspiration**

1. Does not rot dresses—does not irritate skin.
2. No waiting to dry. Can be used *right after shaving.*
3. Instantly stops perspiration for 1 to 3 days. Removes odor from perspiration.
4. A pure white, greaseless, stainless vanishing cream.
5. Laboratory tests prove ARRID is entirely harmless to any fabrics.

ARRID is the largest selling deodorant. Try a jar today!

ARRID

2/- a jar. Also in 9½d. jars.

At all chemists & stores selling toilet goods

Distributors: Fassett & Johnson Ltd., Sydney

Why I switched to Meds

by a nurse

It would be silly for a nurse not to keep up with modern ideas. I've used *internal* sanitary protection even though it cost me a lot more. But when I learned that the makers of Modess had brought out Meds—a new and improved tampon at only 1/8 a box of ten—I decided to try them. And am I glad I did! Meds are the best tampons I've ever used. And they're the *only* tampons in individual applicators that are so reasonable.

ONLY 1/8

EACH IN INDIVIDUAL APPLICATOR

MADE BY THE MAKERS OF MODESS

Meds

INTERNAL SANITARY PROTECTION

STOP BEING TIRED

Do you feel depressed, a "back number" in the company of bright people? Do you find it a handicap in the race with more active competitors? Do you get exhausted easily? Are you short of energy? Don't let this drag on any longer—take WINCARNIS. Thousands of people just like you have found in this famous tonic wine the key to sparkle and alertness. WINCARNIS nourishes the entire body. It fortifies your brain and nerves because it is a delicious blend of choice, full-blooded wines and two kinds of vitamins essential for vigour. WINCARNIS is the "No-waiting Tonic"—you'll feel the first sip doing you good. A long course is not necessary. Get WINCARNIS from your chemist to-day. 26,000 recommendations from medical men testify to its high medicinal value. Be fit and well now, with WINCARNIS.***

National Library of Australia http://nla.gov.au/nla.news-page4722018

Vivien won't leave London

LIVES FOR STAGE AND FOR OLIVIER'S WEEK-END LEAVE

London cable from ANNE MATHIESON

• *New photograph of Vivien Leigh in her current West End success, a revival of Shaw's "The Doctor's Dilemma."*

• *Lieutenant in the Fleet Air Arm to-day, Olivier makes only war-effort benefit appearances in public.*

• *London snapshot of Vivien Leigh and Laurence Olivier taken when he returned to England to join up.*

HOLLYWOOD wants Vivien Leigh back. Producer David O. Selznick (of "Gone With the Wind"), who has her under contract, wants her back. The film public, impatient for her next appearance, wants her back. But . . .

"I have no intention of leaving England," Vivien told me in her London dressing-room yesterday.

Before she said another word the telephone rang. The smallness of her dressing-room at Her Majesty's Theatre left me no choice but to hear her conversation.

It was a long-distance phone talk to her husband, Lieutenant Laurence Olivier, of the Fleet Air Arm. It was little more than an exchange of endearments and inquiries between husband and wife. But it showed me how strong are the bonds between them.

"I am determined to stay near my huband while that is possible," Vivien said, turning to me after she had finished the call.

"I took a tiny cottage close to the station where the Fleet Air Arm is based, and I travel up and down from London each day. He sometimes gets week-end leave and we spend it quietly together at the cottage.

"I've had to learn to be very domesticated, for help is difficult to get," added Vivien. "But I manage the place with a daily. It's so small that it is not much trouble.

"Travelling backwards and forwards is the hardest part, particularly last winter, when the trains were late. Fortunately I love reading and find I'm able to read in the train many of the plays sent me."

Though "Gone With the Wind" is still drawing enormous crowds here and in America, Vivien is not hankering to make another picture.

"The stage gives me a chance to help Navy and other charities and see something of my husband while he is still here," she concluded.

Vivien toured the provinces with Shaw's "The Doctor's Dilemma" before bringing the play to Her Majesty's Theatre, where it seems likely to continue for months. She is an indefatigable war-worker—like Olivier himself.

Olivier has done a few broadcasts, including B.B.C. plays, but these have all been during his leave.

He won't be making any pictures before the end of the war unless they are definitely of such propaganda value that he feels he's justified in asking for extra leave.

That is his realistic attitude to war, and that is why one rarely sees Laurence, unless it's to make a special appeal in connection with the war effort. This week he visited Sheffield, addressing audiences of girls who are hesitating about joining the three services, munitions or factories, and urging them as a group to make up their minds towards munitions. And who wouldn't be guided by Olivier's stirring speeches!

English war-films best

WAR pictures with British settings are best made in Britain, because they have a quality of authenticity which is unobtainable except at first hand.

This is the opinion of American film-producer Irving Asher, who has arrived in England to supervise the making of pictures for MGM.

"Sabotage Agent," starring Robert Donat, will be Asher's first job. He is determined, however, to follow this by many other pictures.

The story of "Sabotage Agent," which is laid in Czechoslovakia in 1939, was written by John Lee Makin, author of most of Clark Gable's films; and Asher brought the complete script with him to London.

• *Film reviews and cable on page 19*

THE ADELYN GIRL IN HER Adelyn COAT

Style No. 165

Ask your favourite store to show you this beautifully styled, boxy, fur-fabric coat, in the new season's range, by "ADELYN." It is snug and cosy, and at the same time extremely light in weight. The popular short lapel is featured, and inset pockets with several rows of self-stitching. Colours include: Asparagus, Silver, Honey, Battleship, Cedar, Oak, and Nigger. —27 coupons

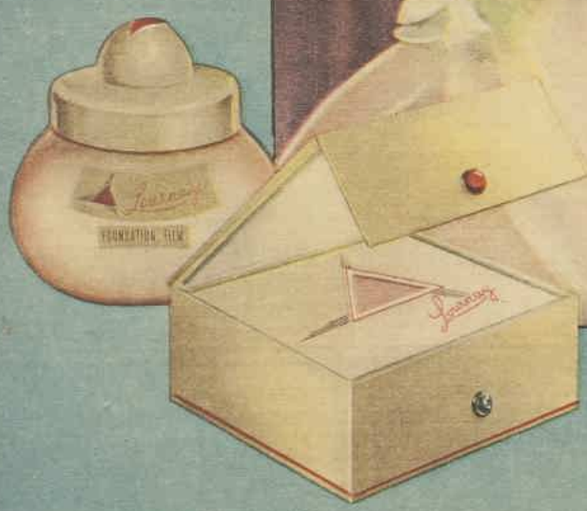
LOOK FOR THE Adelyn LABEL

SKIN DISEASES

PSORIASIS entirely cleared up with "PSORIGO," the Proven Remedy. 6/6 posted.

For Free Advice on all Skin Troubles, call or send 2½d. stamp for Examination Chart to DERMOPATHIC INSTITUTE, 271-9 Collins St., Melb., C.1. F6822

National Library of Australia http://nla.gov.au/nla.news-page4722019



LOURNAY FOUNDATION FILM gives invisible protection to the sensitive skin during Winter months. This perfect foundation gives the skin a pearly smooth texture to which its matching shade in Lournay Face Powder clings hours longer.

LOURNAY FACE POWDER is obtainable in these exquisite skin blends: Peachbloom, Roseglow, Dawn Pink and Frangipani.

IN a world fretted by war, the loveliness of a woman is a help and inspiration to those around her. So, Lournay Cosmetics which are beloved by discriminating women, offer perfect colour blending, distinctive perfume and superb quality. To the courageous women of to-day, modern Lournay make-up gives a gallant beauty that will be remembered for all time.

Lournay

COSMETICS

National Library of Australia http://nla.gov.au/nla.news-page4722020

Women war-workers help run trade unions

WOMEN WORKERS in a pistol factory relax during a rest period. Their supervisor, back right, Miss Dodie Wolfe, is a former actress.

MRS. BOOTH, carrying Wendy, 3, sees five of the family off. Left to right: Beryl, 18, Beth, 5, Barry, 9, Marjorie, 13, Pauline, 11. Nancy, aged 19, is a munitions worker, and Iris, 15, works in a local shop. Jill, Barry's twin, is away in the country.

MRS. VIOLET BOOTH, mother of nine children, who is a shop steward in a munitions factory near Sydney.

As shop stewards, secretaries, organisers, they do a great job

Australian women are thronging into war industries in thousands.

Now more than ever before they are taking a hand with the men in running their trade unions, and as shop stewards police the awards in the factories where they are employed and voice the problems of their fellow workers.

Women for instance are shop stewards in such heavy industries as the metal trades, where formerly there were no women employees at all.

They have been elected to union executives, as delegates to the Trades Hall Council, and some have replaced men as full-time union secretaries and organisers.

MRS. VIOLET BOOTH is typical of this new movement. She is a shop steward in a munitions factory near Sydney.

She is also the mother of nine children, and had never worked in a factory until the present war.

In her munitions job she is a process worker on a drilling machine in a pistol factory.

As a shop steward she is the union representative who polices the awards and voices the problems of her fellow workers.

She works four twelve-hour days then has two days off.

When our representative interviewed her at her home on the second of her two days off she was getting the family off to work and school.

"I'm going to be busy to-day because I spent all day yesterday seeing different people on union matters," she said.

"Usually I spend the first day cleaning out the house, and the second day on the family mending."

While Mrs. Booth talked in her pleasant voice of awards, duckboards on concrete floors, deputations, machines and shifts she was busy telling Pauline where her coat was, tidying Barry's hair, giving Beth a penny to walk down the street with the others, bestowing a kiss on Wendy's pink face.

"The factory work is strenuous because we're on our feet all day, but the hours, though long, aren't nearly as long as a housewife's hours," she said.

"A married woman should make a good shop steward. She watches over the girls like she watches over her own family.

"For instance, one of the machines in our factory continually threw out a stream of black dust in the girls' faces.

"So I invited the manager to look at it.

" 'Would you like your own daughter to put up with that?' I asked him. 'Well, no, I can't say I would,' he replied. 'And I wouldn't let any of mine, either,' I said firmly.

MISS LINDA CHAPPLE, who was recently elected to the State Branch Council of the Australian Railways Union in Victoria. She is a railway waitress.

"So the machine was fixed up with an exhaust pipe."

One of Mrs. Booth's union tasks is the battle for equal pay.

"Apart from the fact that we believe in the fairness of equal pay for equal work," said Mrs. Booth, "we want to keep up the standard for the men when the war is over."

Presence of married women in industry has introduced domestic questions into the impersonal atmosphere of big factories.

For instance, Mrs. Mollie Napier, one of three women shop stewards in a fuse-cap factory, has launched a campaign for earlier serving of customers in butchers' shops.

"Night-shift workers could buy their family's daily meat supply on the way home, between 7 a.m. and 8 a.m.," she explains. "The butchers are at work in the shops, but they are not allowed to serve customers at that hour.

"The night-shift worker must therefore go out again before or after her day's sleep to do her shopping."

A friendly Scotswoman, Mrs. Napier has been a munitions worker for eighteen months.

MISS OLIVE ELLIOTT is shop steward for 200 girls in a fuse factory. She is also on the board of management of Sydney branch of Ironworkers' Union.

MISS ELIZABETH TEESDALE-SMITH (Mrs. Elliott Johnstone), first woman secretary of the Federated Clerks' Union in South Australia.

Mrs. Napier is also a delegate to the Trades and Labor Council and helped to form the shop committee at her factory.

The committee, a recent innovation, consists of delegates from the engineers, men's branch of the union, an office representative, and a woman worker.

Its object is to exchange ideas on improving production and conditions in the factory, and it may be consulted by the factory management.

The factory has adopted its suggestion that "utility" girls should be trained specially so that they can take the place of any girl who is absent from any part of the factory.

MISS DELLA NICHOLAS, first woman organiser of the Federated Clerks' Union in N.S.W.

Right: MISS MOIRA JAMES, first woman organiser of the Munition Workers' Union in Melbourne.

"My job's a bit like selling insurance," said Miss Della Nicholas, who was appointed three months ago as the first woman organiser of the Federated Clerks' Union in N.S.W. "Many office girls had never even thought about being unionists.

"I often find that the senior girls whose pay and conditions are really very satisfactory are the most enthusiastic workers.

"Women coming back into offices because of the war are among our best unionists. Many have been married to trade unionists, and through their husbands have come to understand the movement.

"Ours is a complicated union because we work under about 32 different awards and agreements.

"One of the questions that crop up most often is that of tea money for those who work back. Many girls don't even know their rights in this matter, and we've obtained the proper payment for them.

"I come from a union family. My father was on the executive of the Hotel Cooks and Caterers' Union, and we have all joined unions as soon as we began to work."

Receiving equal pay with the masculine union officials with whom she works, Miss Moira James has been for five months the first woman organiser of the Munition Workers' Union in Melbourne.

Brisk and businesslike, "Morrie" James thoroughly enjoys her job.

At her office in Footscray she meets many of the 8000 women munitions workers, listens sympathetically to their problems, and visits them daily at the factories.

She had been on the executive of the union for two years, and was a delegate to the Trades Hall Council for two years.

"This week we elected a panel of workers to act in an advisory capacity with the canteen management about the provision of food," she said.

"Lots of the girls have long distances to travel, many of them live in rooms and may not get the proper meals that they should. Now we will have a three-course meal at a nominal sum provided."

With messages and telephone calls arriving urgently, Miss James had a day's work ahead of her. Quickly and efficiently she dealt with a query regarding "clocking-off" time in one section of a big factory.

She believes in the "rightness" of her job, and feels certain that she can help her fellow workers to give and receive the maximum help in the production of munitions for Australia's wartime needs.

First woman secretary of the Federated Clerks' Union of South Australia is fair-haired 21-year-old law student Mrs. Elliott Johnstone. Formerly Elizabeth Teesdale-Smith, she took over the job when the former secretary, Harry Krantz, enlisted in the A.I.F. last year. She had done four years of her law course at Adelaide University.

National Library of Australia http://nla.gov.au/nla.news-page4722021

Editorial

AUGUST 8, 1942

NEW DEAL FOR SOLDIERS

UNIVERSAL satisfaction has greeted the news of increased pay for our soldiers.

The national conscience has long been disturbed by the knowledge that wives of our fighting men have had to struggle to make ends meet.

Whatever the rise in pay, we can never pay for a soldier's sacrifices of comfort and career. But we can ease his mind about the welfare of the family back home.

This is not the only reform needed to let the men know that the nation never overlooks their needs and their rights.

For instance, militia men invalided home from Darwin and Port Moresby were asked to pay for equipment lost in air raids because they are officially not "returned" soldiers.

Had they been A.I.F. men returning from abroad, there would have been no question of payment.

Which suggests that Army administration often lags behind the cold facts of the war situation, and that there's an awful lot of red tape to be unravelled before out-of-date regulations are adjusted.

And finally, repatriation benefits must be assured. There have been too many cases of men invalided home being given paltry pensions because their disabilities were allegedly not caused by war service.

Surely a man whom the Army accepts as fit for service must be the responsibility of the nation if he finishes his war service with impaired health.

The Army judges his fitness at the beginning. It should not go back on that judgment in assessing repatriation benefits.

—THE EDITOR.

Nurse's work among enemy prisoners

THIS week "Letters from our Boys" stands down in favor of letters from women in the services.

One is from an Australian nurse who enlisted in England, was in the retreat from Dunkirk, and later went to Egypt.

Since she wrote this letter she has been in Tobruk. Her family has received a cable that she escaped when Tobruk fell and is safely back in Egypt.

FOUR NEW ZEALAND V.A.'s in Egypt. From left: 2nd Lieutenant Maria Shore, Lieutenant M. King, 2nd Lieutenant Edna Lemon, 2nd Lieutenant Patty Grigg.

Sister N. Murray, Queensland nurse attached to a British hospital in Egypt, to Mrs. J. Ferrier, Cooyar, Qld.:

"WE may yet have to go right into Tobruk, but it is not a fit place for women to go yet.

"The navy refused to take us there for a time, as it is so dangerous, being so heavily mined, so I am still attached to the same hospital.

"Even though we work so long and hard at times, I enjoy being here very much. It took me some time to get used to the conditions, flies of all types, particularly sandflies, rationed food. But, best of all, we are a terribly happy unit.

"I have grown to love the English people, and have made very excellent friends among the sisters and officers. They all have a wonderful sense of humor.

"They all are very interested in hearing of our Australian hospitals, and marvel at the exploits of the Bush Nurses, and the distances they travel on horseback in all weathers.

"This is the biggest camp hospital in the Middle East, and is also the P.O.W. Camp. We get ten days' leave every six months.

"I think I have the softest spot for Palestine, as I could always see my very own countrymen there—those terrible Aussies. What a really good laugh I had when with them!

"They are a fine, hefty lot, and so good-looking in a crowd, which makes the men this side of the world look like pocket editions of them.

"At present I am nursing wounded German prisoners of war. At first I felt so hostile towards them, and thought, 'Why should I have to treat them so well,' especially when I thought of how I had to flee from them from the hospital in Northern France, and the sufferings and slaughter I saw at Dunkirk.

"I'll never forget the discipline of those Tommies on the beach, right in the face of death. But, after nursing these Jerries for a while, one cannot help being struck by their great respect for us, as well as their discipline.

"As patients they are like children for all the world. They would not dream of disobeying an order.

"They have the greatest respect for our medical officers. When they come into the ward, they stand like steel to attention, until the M.O.'s leave the ward.

"They speak so well of the great bravery of the Australian soldiers, and are amazed that these soldiers are all volunteers.

"They just can't get over that.

"We have some Italians here, too. I am surprised to see that the Jerry and Itie just don't like each other.

"The Italian soldiers seem to like to chat to the Tommies, but the Tommy seems to like to chat to the Jerries. It seems so funny seeing the Jerries and Tommies exchange cigarettes.

SISTER N. MURRAY, with her Egyptian hospital tent in the background.

"The Jerries always call me 'Sister Maria.' They can't think of 'Murray.' At night when getting ready for bed they often sing. It is really worth listening to.

"They harmonise their singing. We get plenty of Schubert, Strauss, and Wagner, all good music. They don't like jazz.

"They tell us Hitler won't allow much jazz singing.

"While I am writing this they are singing the 'Blue Danube.' They are honestly quite confident Germany will win the war. We tell them what poor, deluded fools they are. They just simply adore Hitler.

"No matter how I run him down, their answer is, 'Oh, Sister, but he is a prophet,' and go on to tell us how Frauleins stand for hours in the streets waiting for his car to go by to throw in lovely bouquets to him.

"We tell them when the Frauleins wake up to him they will be throwing bombs at him. We have told them what we all and the world in general think of their Gestapo.

"In fact, we are always telling them, but oh, dear, the faith they have in that Hitler.

"We do poke fun at him, and they just joke away, but I guess we tell them a lot they didn't know before."

THE letters you receive from your menfolk in the fighting services will interest and comfort the relatives of other soldiers, sailors and airmen.

For each letter or extract from a letter published on this page The Australian Women's Weekly forwards payment of £1.

A V.A. in the Middle East to Miss L. McClymont, Sydney:

"WENT to lunch at a Bedouin camp with some friends of mine here.

"The Bedouins make their tents (which, by the way, the women make themselves) out of goats' hair. This is ideal, when it rains it shrinks up and does not allow any rain to come into the tent.

"They had a special tent all ready for their distinguished guests. On the sand were about six lovely carpets, numerous pillows and mattresses.

"The old sheik was a grand old man, and his son was really like a sheik you would read about, and spoke reasonable English.

"One other sheik who was visiting (also good-looking), who could not speak English, got the giggles. He was like a child. I could not find out at all what he was laughing at or about.

"The dishes are carried on the heads of the Arabs to the tent and then the guests eat with their hands, having been given a towel to put over their clothes.

"After all is gone (or nearly), hands are washed with warm water which the Arabs pour over (after handing the soap) from jars."

Lieut. Margaret King, an Australian V.A. with a New Zealand hospital in Egypt, to her mother, Mrs. G. King, Palmer St., Artarmon, N.S.W.:

"LAST night I went to a concert at the Lowry Hut at Base Camp.

"It was put on by some of the girls and some of the men on the staff of one of the hospitals.

"Afterwards we were entertained at supper by Mrs. Chapman, who manages the hut, which was the gift of her father, T. H. Lowry.

"The girls who were in the show were some who did the show on the ship, and they are really very good.

"Now that the unit has organised the concert party, which is complete with orchestra, they are going the rounds of the hospitals, clubs, and huts.

"They do their rehearsing in off-duty hours, and also make the costumes, so they do put a lot of work into it.

"I am having a gabardine uniform made and expect to wear it as my presentation gown shortly.

"I got a real surprise lately to learn that the heads of women's services are to be presented, and that the matron-in-chief and I are to represent New Zealand.

"It's rather exciting really, and the event is to take place at the next Egyptian Court."

Interesting People

MR. C. A. HOY

. . . Allied works

MR. C. A. HOY, Assistant Director-General of Allied Works, is one of the leading executives of the Allied Works Council carrying out a gigantic programme of defence works throughout Commonwealth. Mr. Hoy was formerly Director-General of Works for the Department of the Interior, which has played a notable part in Commonwealth Governmental architectural and engineering design and construction.

MISS M. K. DOHERTY

. . . Chief R.A.A.F. nurse

FIRST to hold the newly-created post of principal matron, R.A.A.F. Nursing Service, is Miss M. K. Doherty, of Sydney. Duties include organisation and administration of the service, inspection of Air Force stations in N.S.W. and Queensland where R.A.A.F. nurses are serving. Is ex-trainee of Royal Prince Alfred Hospital, Sydney.

COLONEL H. COHEN

. . . Amenities

APPOINTED director of new amenities organisation for the Australian Army, Colonel H. Cohen, Melbourne, will supervise provision of sport, entertainment, recreation for troops. Recently returned from Middle East after nearly two years' service as Red Cross Commissioner with A.I.F. Served with A.I.F. in last war.

IN AND OUT OF SOCIETY . . . *By Wep*

National Library of Australia http://nla.gov.au/nla.news-page4722022

As I Read the STARS

by JUNE MARSDEN

GOOD days predominate this week, but Thursday, August 6, can produce much confusion and trouble.

This adverse day calls for cautious behaviour on the part of groups as well as individuals. Every effort should be made towards patient, wise, and cautious living. This applies especially to Taurians, Aquarians, Scorpions, and Leonians.

However, Friday, August 7, Monday, August 10, and Tuesday, August 11 can bring compensations, particularly for Leonians. Arians and Sagittarians are likely to be fortunate, too, with Geminians and Librans not far behind.

The Daily Diary

UTILISE the following information in your daily affairs. It should prove interesting.

ARIES (March 21 to April 21): Very fair on August 6 from 9 to 11 a.m., balance poor. August 7 (around noon) helpful, while August 11 (especially from 7 to 9 a.m. and from 7.30 to 11 p.m.) best of all. Seek gains, progress, and changes.

TAURUS (April 21 to May 22): Be guarded, for obstacles, delays, and annoyances can prevail. This is especially so on August 4 (midday and evening), August 6 and August 11.

GEMINI (May 22 to June 22): August 6 (forenoon only), August 7 and 11 very fair for semi-important projects. Work hard, plan well.

CANCER (June 22 to July 23): August 8 (mid-evening), August 9 (afternoon), and August 10 (round sunrise and early evening) best periods of week, but not strong.

LEO (July 23 to August 24): Don't waste a moment of August 11 (especially from 7 to 9 a.m. and from 8 to 11 p.m.). Seek promotions, changes, and gains. August 6 forenoon helpful, but balance adverse. August 7 and August 8 (a.m.) good, too.

VIRGO (August 24 to September 23): Uneventful days now, but plan ahead. Better times come soon. Meanwhile, August 5 (early evening) and August 10 just fair.

LIBRA (September 23 to October 24): Very fair for most Librans on August 7 (before sunrise or around noon) and August 11 (morning and evening), but avoid over-confidence.

SCORPIO (October 24 to November 23): Be very cautious this week, especially on August 4, 5, 6, and 11. Routine tasks best. Rashness will bring upsets. Avoid lateness, arguments, and needless worry. Make no changes.

SAGITTARIUS (November 23 to December 22): Go after desired changes and goals now. The present weeks favor you. Be cautious on August 6, but work hard on August 11.

CAPRICORN (December 22 to January 20): Uneventful, so keep to routine tasks. But plan for action soon. Better times are near. Meanwhile, August 5 fair.

AQUARIUS (January 20 to February 19): You can be your own worst enemy this week, so be cautious. Routine tasks best. August 4, 6, and 11 adverse. August 5 poor. Opposition, partings, losses, disappointment, and discord can prevail.

PISCES (February 19 to March 21): Just a week of days, so keep to routine tasks. August 8 (evening only), August 9 (afternoon), and August 10 (sunrise and mid-evening hours) just fair.

[The Australian Women's Weekly presents this astrological diary as a matter of interest, without accepting responsibility for the statements contained in it. June Marsden regrets that she is unable to answer any letters. — Editor, A.W.W.]

Mandrake the Magician

MANDRAKE: Master magician, and

LOTHAR: His giant Nubian servant, are again on the trail of

THE OCTOPUS: Head of a gang of international spies. They locate their suspect in a city building, and when a figure warns Mandrake that he intends to destroy him Lothar dives and brings it down, only to find it to be a dummy.

The mud on a pair of shoes in the room is found, on analysis, to contain marsh mud, iron filings, and sawdust from the waterfront, possibly from a shipyard. Leaving

PRINCESS NARDA: Of Cockaigne, in a police station, where they have placed her for safety, Mandrake and Lothar visit the shipyard where the magician, by using his hypnotic powers, gets past the guard.

NOW READ ON:

National Library of Australia http://nla.gov.au/nla.news-page4722023

On National Duty—8,000,000 British women

8,000,000 *British women between 16 and 42 have registered for national service.*

250,000 *have entered women's branches of the services, Navy, Army, and Air Force.*

5,500,000 *are in industry. 1,500,000 of these women didn't work in peacetime.*

300,000 *do A.R.P. and other civil defence work, one-third of them on part-time.*

50,000 *are in the national fire services, some on part-time duty after a day's work.*

We read our future in their story

By Beam Wireless from MARY ST. CLAIRE
Our Special Representative in England.

Thousands of Australian women are wondering right now how the urgent call for womanpower is going to affect their lives.

They need not wonder if they look at what has happened to British women. They can clearly read the shape of things to come in the story of changes here, changes that have revolutionised the existence of nearly every woman in Britain.

"No women in any other country have surpassed the women of Britain in their response to the call for national service," said Britain's Minister for Labor, Mr. Bevin. One-third of the 23,000,000 citizens under arms or in war industries are women.

THAT these British women are an inspiration to women of the United Nations is clear from the interest taken in them by America and other countries.

But they are more than an inspiration. To Britain all the Allies turn for guidance in getting their war programmes under way with the aid of womanpower, and that is why Australian women can read their own future in the record of their sisters in Great Britain.

Eight million British women between the ages of 16 and 42 have already registered for national service. Mr. Bevin has said he intends to register women up to 50 years in order to have a complete survey of available womanpower.

"Britain's life depends on womanpower," Minister for Production Mr. Lyttleton told America recently. "Of the 5,500,000 mustered in industry now, 1,500,000 didn't work in peacetime."

Perhaps the most telling figure of all is this one—women are responsible for 30 per cent. of the total production of the nation now.

You get some idea of how it all comes about and how the war is claiming more and more women each week when you learn that women who have registered are being interviewed at the rate of 50,000 weekly, and are being taken into the services and war industries at the rate of 15,000 a week.

Only a fraction of 1 per cent. of the women called up are conscientious objectors, and everywhere women are tackling new and difficult jobs with immense enthusiasm.

No idle women

THE pictures on this page show at a glance just what is happening to these women and how their services are being proportioned between the many vital jobs.

There are 10,000,000 Britons, men and women, not in war services or industry, and this includes married women with full-time domestic responsibilities, women looking after evacuees, women attending to the billeting of industrial workers moved to strange localities.

About 1,000,000 of these are in the Women's Voluntary Services as whole or part-time workers, and they're doing a wonderful amount of really essential work.

The net result of all these figures is to show that Britain has now no idle women, but such facts and figures reveal the national rather than the personal story of what this means to the women concerned and their private lives.

On secret work

WOMEN do some of the most secret work in Britain, and some of the most dangerous jobs.

In Devon twenty old ladies work on a very secret device which prevents fires through petrol leakage.

A recently-advertised post was for "athletic women to stay out in all weathers, cut wires, and keep secrets."

With women on secret work, even their families may not know what they are doing or very often where they are doing it.

With this great transference of girls and women from their normal peacetime occupations, there have been, of course, many changes in the social face of England.

Nurseries for war-workers' children are opening at the rate of one hundred a month, all Government controlled.

There are altogether 750 of these nurseries now, with staffs totalling 8000, while 2000 are at present being trained.

The Government's programme envisages 1350 nurseries, for which the greatest need is trained nurses.

Special courses are being given for women and girls leaving school, who will be able to count this experience towards a certificate if they decide to qualify as nurses.

For women with home ties part-time employment has been arranged. It works this way:

A woman may work mornings or afternoons, or two women may form a unit, the first minding both families of children and doing the shopping, while the other takes a morning shift in the factory, from which she's relieved when her friend takes over and she carries on the domestic responsibilities for the afternoon.

Thus the unit does a complete day's work at the factory.

To date this has been such a success that it is being extended from factories to shops and offices.

All women registered are classed in two groups by the Government—either mobile or immobile. Mobiles are sent into the services if under thirty, or the factories if above that age.

Because it is no part of the Ministry of Labor's plan to break up our homes, immobile women are directed to factories and war jobs that are close to their homes.

Britain's factory workers have very long hours. They've just been reduced to fifty-five hours weekly, because the pace they set after Dunkirk was found too hot to be sustained indefinitely.

Though there are no official figures, unofficial estimates based on careful observation of women in industry suggest that dilution of manpower in factories has released over a million men for the armed forces.

As women take over these jobs more and more trades open up to them, so we've women crane-drivers on docks, women riveters, and women turners and fitters in machine shops.

One in every eight workers in such heavy industries as the iron and steel is a woman, and their varied jobs—950 in all—range from steel smelting to the production of ferro-alloys.

In one factory a former hairdresser drives a crane that lifts a cauldron of molten metal.

In another a former secretary works a steam-hammer, while in yet another a former lady's maid turns gun-barrels.

Woman blacksmith

THAT women do not confine their efforts to lighter tasks in factories and foundries is shown by a girl who works eight and a half hours a day bending and twisting steel bars as a blacksmith's striker, wielding a twelve-pound hammer at the job.

Age is no bar to women working in war jobs, and many of them are in factories for the second time, having gained their first experience in the last war, while there are cases of women who date their factory work back to the Boer War.

Blind girls have offered their services and replace typists. One such girl, Barbara Bussey, took down a letter on a Braille machine and retyped it on an ordinary machine, and her employer testifies that she's as good as any ordinary typist.

The Land Army girls have proved their usefulness as ploughwomen, tractor drivers, and now forestry units have been formed in the North of England, where girls who have come from universities, fell trees and do logging.

England's canals, picturesquely winding from Midland towns to the Thames, are now a vital link in the country's transport, and practically all the bargees are women.

Women of the A.T.S., W.A.A.F., and W.R.N.S., whose duties in the fighting services started off with five trades in each service, have now expanded until they are engaged in nearly 150 trades.

In all three services, in all departments of war work where women are engaged, they have won high praise for heroism and devotion to duty for the quickness and intelligence with which they've adapted themselves to the new conditions and tasks.

Britain to-day is very conscious and very proud of the way British women have acquitted themselves and stood up to the strains and dangers of this total war.

"IDENTIFY THAT AIRCRAFT!" Latest job for girls of Britains Auxiliary Territorial Service is with the ack-ack guns. They are working predictors and height-finders, and share with the gunners hardships and dangers of action against raiders. These are using an identification telescope.

90,000 *are trained nurses, 50,000 more are listed on England's civil nursing reserve.*

50,000 *work on railways, including porters, ticket-checkers and many freight-workers.*

40,000 *are in the Women's Land Army. Among them are forestry units in the north.*

1,000,000 *do whole or part-time work for the Women's Voluntary Services.*

105,000 *are post-office workers, including postwomen like this one in official uniform.*

7,000 *are bus conductors on the vital transport systems, taking war workers to factories.*

National Library of Australia http://nla.gov.au/nla.news-page4722024

★ Iron Rations ★

GUNNER BILL COOK worked up such an appetite at battle exercises this week that he took to a packet of biscuits like a tiger. He and his mates were on a practice shoot with 25-pounders over 1000 yards.

These boys have been battle-trained for months past and carry out regular shoots in hilly country for days at a time. They work from 5 a.m. till sunset and have two meals a day in the field.

National Library of Australia http://nla.gov.au/nla.news-page4722025

The Incredible Jeep

Continued from page 5

"HE threw a monkey wrench into the machine," admitted Stevens.

"And you are prepared to disclose the names of your confederates?"

"I've already told them to Stone and Broken-nose."

"And," said Harve, "they will be under arrest by this time."

Mr. Breckenridge smiled benignly at General Shelton, as he had so often smiled at juries in the course of his career. "Well, General," he said.

General Shelton made an odd grating noise as of one who is surprised but not delighted, and he glared at Ulysses Tecumseh as if that young man were guilty of a fresh and malignant offence. He was nonplussed, and he did not like to be nonplussed. But generals recover quickly when the eyes of subordinates are upon them.

"The prisoner will be released," he said, and then, as if he felt this to be insufficient, he added, "and I hope this will be a lesson to him."

Ulysses Tecumseh was still groping in a fog of disbelief. The thing had been too rapid; the change in his fortunes had come about too suddenly for him fully to realise it. "Do you mean that I—that I won't have to go to prison or anything?"

"Your innocence," said the general, sternly, "has been established."

"Goodness—gracious!" exclaimed Ulysses Tecumseh. "I am much obliged, General. I guess I don't know exactly what to say, but, honestly, I hope I can do as much for you some day."

"What?"

"And I'll come right over in the morning, sir, and finish up your bookcases and things—"

"You will not," said the general hastily, "come near my quarters. You will finish nothing. You are returned to regular duty. If ever you are found within a hundred yards of my quarters again—"

"Uncle General," said Nancy impulsively, "you ought to be ashamed of yourself. You ought to be blushing down in your shoes. If it weren't for Beanpole you wouldn't have any camp to be general of. It would be burned up. You ought to be proud of him, and everybody ought to be proud of him. What he is is a hero, and, whatever you do about it, he is a hero to me."

"Nancy!"

"Look at him. Just look at him! So hurt and sick he is almost falling on his face. Because he was just as good as wounded on the field of battle."

"Private Clap," said the general, "will be taken to the hospital, where he will receive proper medical care." He cleared his throat. "I shall take under advisement the matter of—hr-r-umph—his commendable conduct in face of emergency."

"Now, that's perfectly all right, General," said Ulysses Tecumseh earnestly. "Don't give it another thought."

Harve Stone was patting him on the shoulder. Nancy was standing by his side. He felt very weak, but inexpressibly relieved and happy.

"You are going straight to the hospital," Nancy said firmly.

"I do feel kind of seedy," confessed Ulysses Tecumseh. He got to his feet. Nancy's firm little hand was under his arm supporting him, and he stood swaying. A dozen feet away stood Broken-nose scowling.

"I never saw anybody like you before," said Ulysses Tecumseh. "We don't have people like you in Beecham—you know, tough! I guess you and I can't have any more trouble after this. I guess maybe you and I didn't understand each other. It would be better if people did a job of understanding each other before they went to fighting."

"Listen, drip," said Broken-nose harshly. "I don't like no part of you, but I got to admit you got what it takes."

Ulysses Tecumseh found himself sitting in the back seat of Mr. Stone's car. Nancy was beside him on one side, holding his hand tightly. Somehow he did not resent it. Somehow it was reassuring and made him feel stronger and more certain of himself. She was staring straight in front of her, her lips pressed tightly together.

"It was kind of funny," he said slowly, "but when it all looked so bad for me I kept kind of thinking about you. I don't mean thinking. I mean, you were sort of in the back of my head and I was wishing you were there somewhere. It seemed like it was more lonesome because you weren't there. I kept having a kind of an idea that if you were there things wouldn't be so hopeless as they were."

"Is that so?" she asked tartly.

"I don't understand it," he said. "But then, after all, it was you that went to Broken-nose and all like that, and if it had not been for you I would have had to go to prison. I guess if you had always been around I would not have got into any trouble at all."

"That," she said, "ought to give you a perfectly scintillating idea."

"Right now," he said, "I haven't got very many ideas, because I do not feel good, and my ribs hurt and my head keeps going around and around."

"Then," said Nancy tersely, "lay your head back and close your eyes—and shut up."

The car carried them swiftly to the hospital. Ulysses Tecumseh never remembered much about his arrival or his reception. But he does recall distinctly how splendid it felt to be lying down between soft sheets with his head on a pillow. Presently he went to sleep . . .

. . . . . .

A number of military men were gathered about a rather crude and curious-looking device in the middle of a field. The main feature of it seemed to be a camera with a telescopic lens. The camera was mounted on an arm which operated on a universal joint, so that it could point in any direction. Wires and tubes ran away from it to batteries and whatnots.

Five miles away in another field was a thing like a cluster of old-fashioned phonograph horns, and around this were grouped more military men and important-looking civilians.

Ulysses Tecumseh Clap, now a month out of the hospital, was clucking around the camera like a flustered hen. Harve Stone's father, coatless and perspiring under the summer sun, stood chewing impatiently on a cigar.

"I guess I'm about as ready as I ever will be," said Ulysses Tecumseh.

A field telephone rang.

"They want to know when to start the test," said the operator.

Presently there was a ping in the innards of the device. The men grouped around it silently. The arm carrying the camera came to life. It tilted far to the right, and then commenced to sweep slowly in an arc. High in the air sounded the beat of plane engines. The plane became visible to the eye as it swept past, thousands of feet in the air. As it reached a certain point there sounded a click. Ulysses Tecumseh turned the knob of the camera, placing a fresh film under the lens.

The plane had disappeared to westward, but now it could be heard returning. The arm was moving the camera from west to east, and as the motors roared overhead there was a second click.

Ulysses Tecumseh removed the films from the camera, handed them to a photographer connected with the signal corps, who ran with them to a tent which had been set up as a temporary darkroom. A new roll was put in place, and the tests continued. The plane approached from different directions and at varying altitudes, and each time as it reached some point in the heavens the camera clicked.

Nancy Shelton sat with Harve Stone under a tree. She was tense and a little pale. "It just doesn't seem possible," she said. "It can't be true that he can whittle out a thing as important as this with a jack-knife. I — oh, Harve, if it doesn't work I shall kick and scream."

"It's such a home-made-looking dingus," Harve said. "But Dad did get the brass hats out to see it. You have to hand it to my papa; when he starts an agitation something gets shaken up."

"Do you know," Nancy said, "I don't believe Beanpole has the vaguest idea who your father is."

Harve chuckled. "He hasn't the vaguest idea who anybody is. He holds that all men are born free and equal, and never found anything to change his opinion—even in the army."

"I heard him asking that ordnance bigwig if his corns hurt him," said Nancy, "and, do you know, the bigwig broke down and told him what kind of corn plasters he uses."

"I never saw Dad fall for anyone so hard," said Harve. "He calls Beanpole a nincompoop and a spriggins, but he follows him around to see what naive thing he'll do next."

"Like the day he got his citation," said Nancy.

"With the regiment all drawn up on parade and General Shelton doing his stuff. I will say the general was pretty handsome about it."

"So he should be!" said Nancy.

"I don't believe he knows yet what was going on," said Harve. "When he was ordered to step forward out of the ranks he had that sort of vague, introspective look. I don't think he even heard the citation read."

"'For extraordinary courage and fortitude and endurance while wounded and in the face of great emergency,'" quoted Nancy.

"'That reminds me,'" said Harve, reporting Ulysses Tecumseh's words, but Nancy wanted to tell it herself:

"'That my mother sent a couple of jars of her spiced cucumber pickles' ——"

"'And,'" finished Harve, "'she said I was to take one over to you. I'll drop in some time to-morrow and leave it.'"

"I thought Uncle would have a fit and fall in it. But he came up to scratch for once. 'Thank you and your mother, Corporal Clap,' he said, accenting the corporal. 'I am very fond of pickles.'"

"He doesn't know yet what to do about that corporal," said Harve.

The plane continued to fly back and forth from different angles and at varying heights.

"Now, listen," Ulysses Tecumseh was saying; "it doesn't make much difference how far away you set up your detecting device. It could be fifty miles. Just so you have the ear and the camera tuned in on each other, like you might say. And you could leave the camera all alone. It would go click at the right second."

"And," said Mr. Stone, "if it was an anti-aircraft gun it would go bang at the right second."

"Oh, sure," said Ulysses Tecumseh.

"If it works," said an important official.

"Don't you go worrying your head about that," said Ulysses Tecumseh. "My inventions almost always work."

But nevertheless, as any creator must be, he was impatient and anxious. It was one thing to be sure your brain child is going to do what you intend it to do, but it is another thing to see it accomplishing the task.

"Doggone it, General," he said, "I wish those developers would get a move on."

A man pushed his way through the flaps of the tent and came hurrying with wet prints in his hand. He was about to hand them to the highest ranking officer, but Ulysses Tecumseh forestalled him.

"Gimme," he said, and took the freshly-developed photographs. He peered at them and grinned. "Give a look, General," he said happily.

In silence the prints passed from hand to hand.

"Right spang in the middle of the film," said Ulysses Tecumseh proudly.

It was true. The device had done its work truly. In each of the photographs a plane appeared. It did not appear at the side, or the top, or the bottom, but squarely in the middle of the picture.

The ordnance expert exhaled a long breath. "Gentlemen, can you see what would have happened if the camera had been a gun?" he asked.

"Pouf!" said Mr. Stone graphically.

"YOUNG man," said the ordnance man gravely, "do you realise the importance of this? Do you realise that this device, when perfected and supplied in sufficient numbers, will practically eliminate danger to our cities, our industrial plants, from enemy bombers?"

"That'll be slick, won't it? Well, I'm awfully glad it works. Yes, siree; I'm glad it came out right. Now I can get to work on another idea of mine. I've been aching to try it out."

"Another idea! What idea?" asked the brass hat.

"Well," said Ulysses Tecumseh, "the idea came to me just like that." He snapped his fingers. "It was one night just as I was going to sleep in the hospital."

"What was its nature?" asked the ordnance man.

"It was the bed made me think of it," said Ulysses Tecumseh.

"The bed?"

"Why, yes. You see, beds are used at night—unless, of course, somebody is sick. There's all day a bed just stands around doing nothing. It struck me like this was a waste. So I got thinking what a bed could be turned into during the daytime."

"You what?"

"So I'm working on a scheme where you can press a lever and it will sort of turn around and fold into an office desk or a sandbox for the babies to play in."

"But what about the mattress?" asked Mr. Stone, with keen interest.

"That's what's holding me back. That's where I got to do some hard thinking," said Ulysses Tecumseh. "I haven't quite figured out what to do with the mattress."

There was a silence. It was a bit strained. It was broken by Mr. Stone.

"This test," he said, "has demonstrated that the thing works. It must be perfected and put into production."

"Go right ahead. I'm sure you're welcome," said Ulysses Tecumseh.

"It also must be evident, even to you army hickes, that Mr. Clap is more valuable working on the development of this device than toting a musket."

"That is not my province," said the ordnance expert.

"It's going to be somebody's province," said Mr. Stone, "if I have to get the constitution amended. What this government ought to do in recognition of the services of this boy—and no more important mechanism of defence has ever been devised—would be to commission him, make him a captain or something, and detail him to work on this job."

"I make no promises," said the ordnance expert.

"I'm not asking you to. I'm just telling you," snapped Mr. Stone. "I'm ready to stand the expense of perfecting. I'm ready to build and equip the plant to manufacture. Now you trot back to Washington and start the thing to whizzing." . . .

An hour later Ulysses Tecumseh was being driven back to camp. He was in the little ramshackle runabout in which he had first seen Nancy Shelton. He did not know how he had got there, but Nancy knew. Her conduct of that campaign qualified her as strategist of the first order.

"I suppose you have some vague idea of what all this means to you," she said.

"Well, I don't know exactly, but it looks to me like it would be a big nuisance."

"Probably you will get a commission," she said.

"But I don't want a commission. I just want to finish up in the army and get back to Beecham. Things will be in bad shape there. Folks kind of depend on me. There'll be leaks, and gutter pipes will be in a mess. Things will be all piled up waiting for me."

"You won't have to be a tinsmith any more," she said.

"But I want to be a tinsmith. I like it."

"You will make money out of this thing," she said. "Probably a great deal of money."

"I told you a long time ago I did not want a great deal of money. It just upsets everything. I wouldn't know what to do with it."

"I would," said Nancy. "And, if you get to be a captain, your salary will be enough to live on."

"I have enough to live on—plenty."

Please turn to page 19

THE AUSTRALIAN WOMEN'S WEEKLY SESSION FROM 2GB

EVERY DAY FROM 4.30 TO 5 P.M.

WEDNESDAY, August 5. — Mr. Edwards and Goodie Reeve — Gardening Talk.

THURSDAY, August 6.—Goodie Reeve in "Precious Moments." Also Mrs. Olwen Francis presents "The Housewife on the Home Front."

FRIDAY, August 7.—The Australian Women's Weekly presents Goodie Reeve in Gems of Melody and Thought.

SATURDAY, August 8.—Goodie Reeve in "Musical Mysteries."

SUNDAY, August 9.—Highlights from Opera.

MONDAY, August 10.—"Letters From Our Boys."

TUESDAY, August 11.—"Musical Alphabet." Also Mrs. Olwen Francis in "The Housewife on the Home Front."

"Scarlet Pimpernel" in modern setting

New war series from Station 2GB

In the countries savaged by Nazi Germany there are many men and women who, by their resolve and sacrifice, are to-day striving to rekindle the light of freedom.

To those apostles of liberty Maurice Francis has dedicated his new radio programme, "First Light Fraser," now being heard from Station 2GB at 7.18 every Monday to Thursday night.

FROM the Pyrenees to Narvik, from Warsaw to Calais, a whisper has gone forth—the whisper of a name — "First Light Fraser" — the name of an unknown and almost legendary figure, a dreaded opponent of the Hitler regime.

There is a touch of the Scarlet Pimpernel about "First Light Fraser," but it is set among the events of to-day. For that reason there are few who will not thrill to the message of courage which his adventures in the face of oppression and terror bring to listeners.

Unlike the Scarlet Pimpernel, "First Light Fraser" has the whole of Europe in which to play his game of hide and seek. To-day he is inspiring revolt in Paris; to-morrow in Vienna he is snatching a patriot from the Gestapo. Fantastic as some of his adventures may seem, there is no doubt that to-day all over Europe these events are being duplicated.

Playing the role of "First Light Fraser" is George Randall, an actor whose suave voice and polished manner make him an ideal player for this modern Pimpernel.

The author of "First Light Fraser" is Maurice Francis, the original script-writer of "Dad and Dave" and other George Edwards successes. He is now a lieutenant attached to a tank division somewhere in Australia. This is the first dramatic script he has written since he enlisted.

MAURICE FRANCIS, author of "First Light Fraser."

When Francis decided to join the Army he proposed to forget writing, but he soon found that the old urge was too strong and in odd moments between route marches and manoeuvres he scribbled down ideas for radio sessions. The result is that "First Light Fraser" is probably one of his finest dramatic efforts.

National Library of Australia http://nla.gov.au/nla.news-page4722026

Film Reviews

NEWS notes on the new films. The Canadian Government fully co-operated with Warners in making "Captains of the Clouds"... To-day Ronald Reagan, pilot of "International Squadron," is a lieutenant in the U.S. Army Cavalry... MGM deliberately used "The Guardsman" plot in "The Chocolate Soldier," because it held only the music rights of the operetta; the story (based on Shaw's "Arms and the Man") is owned by producer Gabriel Pascal, who will film Shaw's original.

Our Film Gradings

★★★ Excellent
★★ Above average
★ Average
No stars — below average.

★★★ CAPTAINS OF THE CLOUDS

(Week's Best Release)

James Cagney, Brenda Marshall, Dennis Morgan. (Warners.)

THE Royal Canadian Air Force is the background for this stirring, exhilarating film. Into authentic scenes of R.C.A.F. training, Warners have blended a vivid, human story of four Canadian bush pilots who leave their northwoods for the Air Force. These men—James Cagney, Dennis Morgan, Alan Hale, and George Tobias—find they are too old for combat-flying. One of them, Cagney, rebels. And between Cagney and Morgan is a second rivalry, that for the treacherous backwoods girl, Brenda Marshall.

"Captains of the Clouds" was filmed in splendid technicolor, which accents its adventure and its sweeping panoramas of northern woods and Atlantic combat. It is acted as restfully as it is directed. James Cagney, cocky, exuberant, has never been so appealing; Morgan is forthright and restrained. All the Hollywood players have to be good. For they have the competition of real-life personalities. The R.C.A.F. sequences introduce several Australian graduating pilots—and Air-Marshal Sir William Bishop himself.—Regent; showing.

★★ THE CHOCOLATE SOLDIER

Rise Stevens, Nelson Eddy. (MGM.)

THE big news of this costume musical comedy is Metropolitan opera star Rise Stevens, who makes her film debut as Nelson Eddy's singing partner. Rise is a charming, unusual type and sings with spirit.

It's a gay, tuneful show, and you'll hear well-remembered songs such as "My Hero." The plot, however, has no relation to the original stage play. Rather is it based on "The Guardsman," for Eddy plays a married operetta star who tests the loyalty of his flirtatious wife by pretending to be his rival, a Russian baritone.

Eddy's singing is as usual far better than his acting. — Liberty; showing.

★★ INTERNATIONAL SQUADRON

Ronald Reagan, Olympe Bradna. (Warners.)

INTERESTING and exciting, this action drama is the story of an American pilot who ferries a bomber to England, then remains to join the foreign squadron of the R.A.F.

Slim, likeable Ronald Reagan has this role.

The flying sequences, right from the opening test power dive, are immensely thrilling. The acting, especially that of Reagan, is excellent. The late James Stephenson does exceptionally well as the R.A.F. squadron-leader, while Olympe Bradna makes a welcome reappearance on the screen as a French girl. —Mayfair; showing.

★★ SULLIVAN'S TRAVELS

Joel McCrea, Veronica Lake. (Paramount.)

WRITTEN and directed by Preston Sturges, this is an odd but effective mixture of tragedy, slapstick, and sophisticated comedy.

Joel McCrea plays a Hollywood director who specialises in comedies, but yearns to produce an epic of hard times. To gain first-hand experience he disguises himself as a hobo, and goes out looking for trouble. With him goes Veronica Lake, dressed in boy's clothes.

The dialogue is trenchant, crisp, and provides plenty of good laughs. And there are lots of clever little touches.

The cast is excellent, McCrea giving a really fine portrayal, silver-haired Veronica Lake providing glamor.—Prince Edward; showing.

Royal children love Chaplin comedy

Viola MacDonald's HOLLYWOOD CABLE

CHARLES CHAPLIN is elated by the news from London that the King and Queen chose his "Gold Rush" comedy to entertain five hundred soldiers at a special screening.

Two of the children of the Duke and Duchess of Kent, Prince Edward and Princess Alexandra, were present, too, to see their first film, and shrieked with delight at Charlie's antics.

Revived recently in America the 17-year-old "Gold Rush" has a modern commentary by Chaplin himself, and has been phenomenally successful everywhere it has been shown.

* * *

MAE WEST, who won her divorce from Frank Wallace, claimed in court that after two weeks of marriage (in 1911) she did not see Wallace for 31 years. He turned up only last September to demand that she support him. Incidentally, Mae appeared in court swathed in silver foxes, despite the summer heat, and flashing diamond rings from every finger.

* * *

I MET Merle Oberon yesterday in a restaurant, and heard her great news. "I am off to England in five weeks' time, Clipper schedule permitting," she said excitedly, "and then I shall tour army camps, entertaining the troops."

* * *

ALFRED HITCHCOCK, director of "Suspicion," "Rebecca," and "Saboteur," has begun a new thriller at Universal. It is called "Shadow of a Doubt."

THE date of Diana Barrymore's marriage to actor Bramwell Fletcher (Thursday of last week) was confided to me by Diana herself, who added that she was wearing a simple wedding dress and veil, and that her mother, poet Michael Strange, would be in Hollywood to see her married. Diana wanted the place of the marriage ceremony kept secret.

* * *

MAUREEN O'HARA, who was operated on for appendicitis some months ago, this week underwent a second operation for adhesions.

* * *

ANNA NEAGLE is back in town after raising £78,125 for Air Cadets with her tour through Canada. Her next RKO picture will have Canadian and London backgrounds. Preliminary details are now being discussed by producer Herbert Wilcox.

* * *

VICTOR McLAGLEN was unintentionally responsible for the funniest film-shot of the week. Playing a sound-stage scene in "China Girl," he had to leap into a plane in order to elude Jap pursuers. Vic leapt so hard that he crashed through the cockpit floor of the studio-prop plane and fell six feet to the sound-stage concrete below. He suffered only minor bruises—and the laughter of the whole company.

THIS IS PHILLIP TERRY, Joan Crawford's new husband. Paramount player, Phillip has been in Hollywood five years.

MICKEY ROONEY tells me that he and two friends have collaborated on a screen-play called "Penny-ante Napoleon," and that Metro's reading department is now studying it with a view to making a film.

* * *

THE Tyrone Powers gave a garden party to raise funds for the Free French. Gifts donated for raffling by the stars were typical of their personalities.

For instance, Joan Crawford donated a fluffy black chiffon dance-frock. Cesar Romero gave a magnificent Hollywood sports jacket, while Errol Flynn presented a picture of himself with his yacht.

Shows Still Running

★★★ **How Green Was My Valley.** Walter Pidgeon, Roddy McDowall in superb dramatisation of book. —Embassy; 18th week.

★★ **Son of Fury.** Tyrone Power and Gene Tierney in dramatic period adventure.—Plaza; 8th week.

★★ **Design for Scandal.** Rosalind Russell and Walter Pidgeon in frivolous comedy. — Victory; 6th week.

★★ **Remember the Day.** Claudette Colbert, John Payne in charming romance.—Century; 4th week.

★★ **You'll Never Get Rich.** Fred Astaire, Rita Hayworth in exuberant comedy musical.—State; 3rd week.

★★ **Ships With Wings.** John Clements, Leslie Banks in stirring Fleet Air Arm adventure. — Lyceum; 2nd week.

★★ **Johnny Eager.** Lana Turner, Robert Taylor share luxuriant underworld melodrama. — St. James; 2nd week.

The Incredible Jeep

Continued from page 18

THE car slowed gently but decidedly.

"Not," said Nancy, "the way I want to live."

"Eh?"

"You've got to think of me now," she said firmly.

"Do I? I have to think of you?"

"Sure," she said. "You told me you couldn't get along without me, didn't you? You said I was efficient and knew how to keep you out of trouble. You said you had got so you relied on me."

"Why, yes. That's all so."

"I can't keep you out of mischief if I'm not where you are," she said.

"I want you to be where I am."

"But there's the matter of a girl's reputation," she suggested.

"What about a girl's reputation? You're always saying things I don't understand."

"If I were to be around watching you all the time people would talk. They would talk a lot. I just don't see how I can do it, Beanpole. No, I don't see how I possibly can be around with you all the time."

"But you've got to be. You've got to, Nancy. Don't you see? I—well, I would be sort of scared if you weren't. No telling what would happen. I got to have you where I can come and ask you things."

"Can't be done," Nancy said positively, "unless you can invent a way. You're an inventor. If you could invent a way to stop people from gossiping."

"I see what you mean," he said, and bent his brows and lay back in the seat. For minutes he did not speak. Then, suddenly, his face lighted, and he sat erect. "I got it," he said. "It came to me in a flash."

"No!"

"Yes," he said eagerly. "We could get married. People don't gossip about a man and a woman being together all the time if they are married."

"You do think of the most novel things!" she said. "Now, marriage is a funny thing. It might not work if a part was missing. Like, say, a clock that they forgot to put the mainspring in."

"There you go again," he said helplessly. "Talking about mainsprings."

"There's a mainspring to marriage," she said firmly. "Now, suppose we just pull up here under these trees. It's a nice, secluded spot. It may stir up your thinking tools."

She killed the motor and sat back very small and trim, and somehow desirable. "Did you ever put your arm around a girl?" she asked.

"Not much of any."

"It has been highly recommended," she said. "Just try it in an experimental sort of way."

He put his arm about her clumsily and she snuggled against him.

"How is it so far?" she asked.

He did not say anything. He was not exactly thinking, he was experiencing emotions, and they were pleasant. Quite unexpectedly—so unexpectedly she was startled—he bent over and kissed her. He kissed her on the lips, and in a manner that left her gaping and astonished.

"Hey!" she exclaimed.

"I'm not a complete fool," he said. "I get ideas. Sometimes I have to think quite a lot, but they generally come in the end."

"Yes."

"It just came to me—just like that!—about this mainspring of marriage."

"Can you tell Mamma?"

"It's love," said Ulysses Tecumseh, with the air of a Balboa discovering the Pacific. "By gum, it's love. That's what's been going on. I didn't have time to think about it or notice it. But, sure as shooting, that's what has been going on. I am in love with you. Um . . . Love."

"In a minute," she said, "you'll be claiming you invented it."

He bent to kiss her again, thoroughly, satisfactorily.

"I don't claim I invented it," he said, "but I sure can doll it up with gadgets and make it run."

"I know a couple of wrinkles myself," said Nancy, and then there was silence amid the trees while the mainspring gave itself expression.

(Copyright)

Printed and published by Consolidated Press Limited, 168-172 Castlereagh Street, Sydney

National Library of Australia http://nla.gov.au/nla.news-page4722027

AT AMERICAN CENTRE. Lady Gowrie and Mrs. T. Nelson Johnson, wife of U.S. Minister to Australia, enjoy doughnuts and coffee when they visit Centre.

YOUNGER Feminists entertain at their club in King Street. From left: L.a.c. Tony Fleming, secretary Lilian Marchant, Peg Sullivan, and L.a.c. Ronald Spencer. Parties for servicemen are given frequently by this committee.

MARRIAGE AT ST. STEPHEN'S. Trooper Victor Watkins and his bride, formerly Reeta Anderson, daughter of Mrs. M. Collins, of Chatswood. Reception at Forum Club.

INTIMATE Gottings

BUTTON-SELLERS. From left: Dorothy Kregcik, Joan Roseby, and Gloria Garton set off early on morning of Allies' Day to make their sales.

"SATURDAY night is bean night at the Palmer home," Mrs. Ely Palmer, wife of Consul-General for America, says.

"It's an old New England custom to eat Boston beans and steamed brown bread on Sundays," she adds, "and just to make New England members of U.S. Forces feel right at home this dish is served every Sunday at American Centre."

Mrs. Palmer cooks beans and bread and takes them early to the Centre on Sunday mornings. She is one of the workers there all day.

Beans are cooked with chopped pork and molasses in earthenware pots for fourteen hours. The bread is mixed with raisins and molasses and steamed.

• • •

HOUSEKEEPER at St. Andrew's Hut, Mrs. J. Gardiner, takes few moments off from her work to show me over new hostel for servicewomen.

Painters are just moving out and cleaners just moving in when we open door of hostel, situated in lower part of Chapter House.

Walls are in warm shade of cream and floors warmly carpeted in colors to match bedspreads.

"Sleeping accommodation for seventeen," says Mrs. Gardiner, as we peep into dormitory. "Nine tables in dining-room."

There is large dressing-room, as well as kitchen and bathrooms . . . and all centrally heated for these cold nights.

And there is also an air-raid shelter.

Hostel is being organised by C.E.N.E.F. (Church of England National Emergency Fund), and will probably be opened at end of this week.

• • •

WHILE her husband is in army Mrs. Jim Ross and her little daughter, Virginia, are staying in South Australia.

They are guests of her parents, Mr. and Mrs. J. H. Goyder, of Long Flat, Murray Bridge.

• • •

LESLEY TURNER wears green uniform of Women Emergency Signallers when she sells buttons on Allies' Day . . .

Find bevy of attractive girls preparing for strenuous day of selling at Bank of N.S.W. building, where Lady Poynter and Mrs. Claude Plowman conduct campaign for "Miss Norway," Marina Platou.

PLANNING DINNER DANCE for 2/7th Armored Regiment. Mrs. Gregory Blaxland (left) and Mrs. V. Carruthers, secretary. It will take place on August 9 at Romano's.

SPRING flowers, jonquils and daffodils, decorate music and drawing rooms at Admiralty House for afternoon musicale arranged to raise funds for Y.W.C.A. Appeal for Servicewomen.

His Excellency and Lady Gowrie receive 200 guests . . . later meet many of them when afternoon tea is served in oak-panelled dining-room.

Dorothy Helmrich chooses songs by Russian and Norwegian composers for her programme.

Among those who accept invitations are Lady Butters, president of Y.W.C.A., Lady Reading, Lady Davidson, Miss Mary Fairfax, Margaret Gillespie, Ann Stephenson, Lady Morshead, and Mrs. Hubert Fairfax.

Lady Gowrie also invites brilliant young pianist Corporal Philip Hargrave, who is in camp in N.S.W.

Musicale is organised by Mrs. Hope Gibson . . . "Sorry that we have to disappoint 100 people, but could only accommodate 200," she says.

Lieut. Isador Goodman comes from Melbourne to play, and Harold Williams is third artist.

MARY HEWITT (left) and Helen Croaker respond to Red Cross appeal for gardening tools and sporting equipment for convalescent soldiers.

C.W.A. State President, Mrs. Jack Garry, attends first birthday party of St. Anne's Netting Centre at Ryde, which is run by Eastwood-Epping branch of C.W.A.

In one year netters have made 3000 nets, which is quite a record. Their output is 500 each month.

Supervisor of centre is Irene Fowler.

President, Mrs. C. Stubbin, presents Mrs. Garry with cheque for C.W.A. Servicewomen's Club.

• • •

JOIN interested crowd of spectators at Fort Macquarie when exhibition of Japanese midget submarines is opened . . . buy a souvenir piece of submarine from Mrs. Muirhead Gould, who is one of naval wives busy with sales of same, and also of postcards.

Tells me that exhibition will be on for two weeks, and all funds go to various naval charities, such as Naval Relief Fund and King George's Fund for Sailors.

• • •

A NOTE for your diary . . . garden fete and market day at Karilane, Nelson Street, Woollahra, on October 31.

Betty

Heard Around TOWN

LOTS of young people are guests at linen tea which Helen Milne gives at her home at Bellevue Hill.

Party is in honor of Peggy Buchanan, daughter of Dr. and Mrs. G. A. Buchanan, of Manly. She is making plans for her marriage to Lance-Bombardier Jim Hammond.

Jim has just returned from Middle East, and date of marriage depends on his leave . . . he is son of Mr. and Mrs. J. F. Hammond, of West Plains, Forbes.

Peggy's sister, Norma, will be bridesmaid.

• • •

FEW days' home leave for Lieutenant-Colonel Bruce Watchorn, who recently returned from Middle East . . . believe he brings back some lovely presents for his baby daughter, Rosemary.

• • •

NO plans yet for marriage of Lieut. Claude Fay and Lorrie Barnes as Claude is in another State . . . Lorrie was recently posted to W.A.A.A.F. headquarters.

Sister Moya is also in W.A.A.A.F., but they do not see each other often as she is at country station.

• • •

WHILE her husband is in camp, newlywed Mrs. C. W. Green is making her home with his parents, Mr. and Mrs. C. C. Green, of Artarmon . . . she was formerly Mary Nell, of Moree.

BRIDESMAID AND BEST MAN. Pamela Lloyd Jones, of Tarcutta, and Sergeant Max Hayman attend Carmen Gundersen and Corporal Geoffrey Blomfield when they wed at St. Stephen's.

TALL, handsome Dutchman Arent Winter Witholt, of Fleet Air Arm, makes highest bid for bottle of Veuve Cliquot, which is sold by auction at party for "Miss Netherlands" at Prince's.

He generously hands it back for resale.

Organisers of dance, Mrs. H. D. O'Connell and Mrs. Andy Berts, are delighted with cheque which they hand to committee . . . £200. This goes to Allies' Day Fund.

• • •

BELIEVE that Captain and Mrs. "Pops" Manners spend honeymoon at Claridge's after marriage in London . . . Bride was formerly Pamela Roberts.

• • •

HOME again . . . Mrs. Harold Bott and her two children, Moira and Maureen. They have been staying at Batlow for past six weeks, where they had cottage together with Phyllis Arnott.

MAKING QUILTS at Civilian Aid Centre. V.A.'s Joan Ovington (left) and Nina Singleton. Centre is at Flinders Street. Is first to be equipped and staffed by Red Cross.

National Library of Australia http://nla.gov.au/nla.news-page4722028

GLAMOR GOES TO WAR

● You remember her, of course—the glamor girl . . . The girl always immaculately dressed, beautifully turned out—thanks to an army of men and women, to a vast array of machines that provided her with the means to the beautiful end.

By MARY ROSE,
Beauty Expert to The Australian Women's Weekly.

THIS is the story, not of the girl herself, but of the army behind the scenes of glamor; of the men and the women and the machines, and the way they have been mobilised for war.

Now glamor is rationed, severely rationed, and Miss Glamor has just got to do without many of the things she's been accustomed to. Of course, we all know one of the main reasons—the lack of raw materials and the uses to which the restricted supplies have to be put in wartime. But there is a more exciting story than that; the story of the makers of glamor. Let us follow Miss Glamor for a little while and, through her problems, see how glamor has gone to war . . .

She gets up in the morning and puts her feet into extravagant-looking slippers with feathers all over them. They used to be made by a girl called Ruby Stiles, who lives down Bourke Road. Ruby still works at the same shoe factory, but instead of turning out shoes and slippers those machines are re-adjusted and are making parts of shells. Ruby has gone to war. So has glamor.

Miss Glamor goes to her dressing-table. If it's a new one it's doubtful if there's any plate glass on it. Firms that made plate glass slabs for bedroom furniture are now cutting thick glass for the portholes of our new naval vessels.

On the dressing-table is a powder-bowl—but it's the last one she'll be able to buy for the duration. The special presses which made some types of powder-bowls are now turning out field telephones for the army—this is an interesting illustration of the way machinery can be adapted to war purposes.

Miss Glamor gets dressed. Her wardrobe is fast losing its former glory now that silk, cloth, and man-power must be conserved. Her lingerie drawer is no longer brimful of lovely silken things because that silk is needed to make small bags to hold the charge of cordite which is used when a big naval gun is fired.

Corsets are scarce, and the machines which used to make them are being used for more important things, although many women might not agree that anything could be.

One company, with a world-wide reputation, has its girls working overtime turning out canopies for parachutes. Another corset firm is making special covers for radio location plant; a third is turning out life-saving suits for airmen.

These are the same factory girls, remember, using the same machines, and after a very brief course of instruction.

As for cosmetics—well, they're mobilised. Some aids to beauty—powder, lipstick, face creams—are still being turned out, but most factories are given over to essential things. There is a girl called Joan Fay, who for five years has been handling a machine turning out a luxury face cream. Now, every day, Joan turns out special containers of anti-gas cream.

Another firm used to produce expensive perfume by the gallon; their complicated machinery is now filling bottles with iodine, special liniments, and medicines for the fighting forces. Who knows? The girls, maybe, are filling bottles which their own husbands or brothers might one day need.

Lipsticks. These are being packed in cardboard, wood, or other substitute containers, so if Miss Glamor hasn't kept one of her old metal containers she doesn't stand much chance of getting another for a while.

It so happens that a machine which makes metal containers for lipsticks can make, instead, cartridge cases. Same girls, same machines, with just a slight alteration.

Nail polish? No more until the guns stop firing. It contains acetate, and one gallon of acetate helps to produce 8000 rounds of ammunition.

Perhaps Miss Glamor wants to powder her nose. Has she a compact? Manufacturers have stopped making metal compacts. The presses are needed for a different job—making pellets for the flares which our pilots drop during night bombing operations . . .

Lady, your glamor is in the front line!

FRILLS AND CURLS OVERBOARD . . . Note the simple hair-do of the girl in the picture at right, Carole Landis, Fox star. The slick little hat was made from a gay remnant.

SAVING OF SOAP may be a trifling economy, but practised by seven million Australians the yearly quantity would represent a colossal saving in materials and manpower. So with scores of household articles.

They're saving...to win the war!

THE plea made to the English housewife—to every man, woman, and child—is this: Every little saving you make goes to build our victory. Every time you save, whether it is a piece of string, a therm of gas, or a fragment of soap, you are helping to win the battle of the Atlantic—on dry land.

The same might well apply to Australians, substituting "Pacific" for "Atlantic."

In England they are told:

Each piece of string saved and reused means that so much less string needs to be manufactured, and therefore so much more hemp is available for the manufacture of other products.

Many of those who already save string hoard it at home, even when it is far beyond their own requirements—they can help the country by returning it to the shops from time to time.

Four ways to save gas:

1. Turn down the gas fire as soon as the room is warm enough. A smaller fire will keep it warm.

2. Never put a quart of water in the kettle when you need only a pint. Never let the gas flare up round the sides of the kettle or saucepan.

3. Keep your cooker clean and your utensils clean. Dirt wastes gas.

4. Use less water in the bath. You will save both gas and water.

Avoiding waste on little things like tooth paste and tooth powder can have a considerable effect on the war effort. For example, most people habitually put much more tooth paste on their brush than they need, and they will find that a little less is just as effective.

With regard to tooth powder, it is estimated that from 10 to 20 per cent. of it is spilled through carelessness in use.

A saving of one-tenth of the tooth pastes and powders normally used would mean a yearly saving of £250,000 (in England) in dentifrice and the materials used for containers.

Soap, petrol, razors

FATS used in soap-making play a vital part, so soap goes on the saving list:

1. Every moment that a piece of soap is under water it is being dissolved and wasted.

2. Soap dishes that do not drain off the water thoroughly should be avoided . . . the dampness underneath softens and dissolves the soap.

3. Less soap flakes are needed if they are first dissolved in very hot water and cold water is added after the lather had been made, until the right temperature is reached. Usually more flakes are shaken out of the package than are required. Using a spoon reduces waste.

4. Scraps of soap that have become too small for ordinary purposes are useful for washing up, etc., if put into a little wire cage or cheese-cloth bag and stirred in the dish water.

Many motorists feel perfectly justified in using all their petrol allowance even if it is not quite essential that they do so; all the same, if 133 motorists were to use just one quart less petrol each month this would save 400 gallons a year for the nation.

Four hundred gallons of petrol is enough to fuel a bomber in a typical raid on its "target for to-night." If 133 motorists could save that amount, imagine how much could be accomplished if every motorist were to save a quart a month. They probably would, if they realised that petrol for cars uses just as much shipping space as petrol for planes, and since tanker-ships are limited they are in the long run depriving the R.A.F. and the R.A.A.F. of a gallon of petrol every time they use one in their car.

Cold rolled strip steel, used in razor blades, is urgently needed for various purposes in aircraft production. For example: the amount of the special steel required to make 15,000,000 blades would be enough to make the machine-gun ammunition belts for 1600 eight-gun fighters.

Ex-service men will probably remember this trick learned during the last war: It is possible to get almost double the life from a razor blade by stropping it on the inside of a moistened tumbler. Place a finger on the middle of the blade and push gently against the inside of the glass, thus slightly bending the blade as you move it to and fro. Then turn the blade over and do the same on the other side.

National Library of Australia http://nla.gov.au/nla.news-page4722029

NEW FROCKS FROM OLD!

FROM AN OLD BLACK VELVET DINNER GOWN make yourself a charming pinafore, and for the final fillip add a simply tailored lace blouse.

LAST YEAR'S BEACH WRAP of colorful floral print cotton can be simply transformed into this year's house frock. Garnish with bands of blue cotton braid.

BEWITCHING and beribboned with a true sense of the dramatic, this hat and scarf are made with a few yards of petersham ribbon, and it won't steal any of your precious coupons.

● Before rushing off to buy a brand-new spring wardrobe, look over your old clothes with a view to clever renovations. This article gives you some useful suggestions.

By PEG McCARTNEY

FASHION, though necessarily restricted through the fortunes of war, is still proving a staunch ally and an invaluable morale-lifter.

Now is the time to start planning your spring wardrobe. Rationing allows you all you really need, but to get the best value for your coupons, to keep your pre-war smartness, you'll need to exercise all your ingenuity.

FIRST, you must buy wisely. Dressiness is dated. You must select clothes that will stand the strain of longer days and the new tempo of life. The new look is one of poise and preparedness.

SECOND, you must rack your brains for ideas of renovations. Remember a discarded hat or a world-weary evening gown is putty in the hands of a clever girl.

THIRD, you must cherish your clothes as never before. You must press and clean and darn till your spring wardrobe looks as fresh as the first daffodil.

Follow these basic principles and you will turn obstacles into opportunity.

Take a week-end off to scour through your entire wardrobe with an eye to brilliant renovations. You will be amazed at all the clever changes you can ring in—and this wardrobe scheming can be a lot of fun besides.

For instance, you are pretty sure to have a bright cotton beach wrap that can very simply be converted into an engaging pinafore-frock to wear over your white blouses, and the odd scraps that are left over will provide a colorful lining for your white bag.

A bright jacket that is tired of life can be made into a perky little sleeveless bolero to wear over a plain black frock, and from the sleeves you can make a matching beanie or one of those absurdly flattering little Turks' caps to set way back on your curls.

Ribbon, at present unrationed, can be used in dozens of attractive ways to pep-up your old togs. Ribbon also has a definitely feminising influence on the most severe ensemble, so women war-workers, both in and out of uniform, are using it for off-duty clothes.

Make yourself an ultra-glamorous new hat by covering an old pillbox toque with frills of petersham ribbon. The ribbon is worked round and round from a little rosette on the top of the crown.

Furbish up last year's silk crepe frock with cuffs and collar of very narrow frilled ribbon in bright colors on a net foundation.

Instead of buttons marching down the front of your frock, try ribbon bows to give that lilting spring look.

Our great-grandmothers used all their odd scraps of material to make patchwork quilts and cushions—but the clever girl of to-day will be using patchwork in a variety of ways that would have scandalised those mid-Victorian ladies.

The most popular patchwork garment of the moment is the dressing-gown. It should be made on very tailored lines and the patchwork must be so bright that it practically makes you blink — made in scraps of every conceivable color of wool material, both plain and patterned.

Patchwork scarves to wear as turbans are very new and springlike. They are made from tiny pieces of brightly colored chiffon or georgette, not firmly joined as in the old-fashioned patchwork, but linked together by faggot-stitch.

Scraps of tissue, velvet, and brocade make the most fetching short jackets and boleros for evening wear. The plainest afternoon frock can be turned into an exotic dinner ensemble by the addition of one or other of these.

Bring new life to a severe black frock in sheer wool or heavy silk crepe with a patchwork yoke and sash, and for that childish little pinafore you simply must make yourself a patchwork blouse.

Get out all those super-glamorous evening frocks that you have regretfully folded away for the duration, and from those pastel satin gowns and silk underslips set about making yourself sets of lovely undies that look as if they might be going to drift into a trousseau any minute.

Really, we've nothing to moan about—but we're not going to be pampered, either! So what? We are taking up the challenge and we are going to be charming in spite of the rationing—perhaps because of it! If you can't get your favorite cosmetics it's up to you to still keep your skin looking fresh and lovely. If there's a shortage of corsets whittle away those curves with strenuous exercise. If there are none of those cobwebby, sheer stockings, be satisfied with the next best thing and slim down your legs until they flatter them.

So my prophecy is fashion will take on a new and vital importance. You'll have to make it a weapon. Remember, you are the morale-makers and you must dress up to your new responsibilities.

"WHAT A BREAK NO GROWN-UPS AROUND"

"Here's where I find out how they work those tails! Lucky fish! Splashing around in a bath ALL the time!"

"But they do miss the best part —satiny smooth Johnson's Baby Powder! Wonder how they'd like it?"

"What, Mummy? Not for goldfish? . . . Oh well—I guess they're sort of slippery to begin with. Thank goodness I'M not! I can always use a sprinkle of velvety-smooth Johnson's to help chase away chafes."

Johnson's Baby Powder keeps baby's skin feeling so cool and comfortable he hardly knows he has any!

JOHNSON'S BABY POWDER

MAKE YOUR MONEY FIGHT!

7.16.41

PRODUCT OF JOHNSON & JOHNSON PTY. LTD.

CLOTHES RATIONING

HOW TO SAVE COUPONS

★

LEARN DRESSMAKING

LEARN AT HOME for 3/6 WEEKLY

CUT YOUR CLOTHES BILL BY 15/- IN THE £

Learn dressmaking with a "Sew and Save" HOME STUDY Course.
Previous experience unnecessary.
Fill your wardrobe in your spare time.
Positively no drafting.
Learn how to renovate.
Those lovely clothes at a fraction of the retail price.
Be smart and the envy of your friends.
Money refunded if not satisfied.
For your FREE BOOKLET write to:

"SEW AND SAVE,"

Dept. M, 58 Margaret Street, Sydney.

This advertisement has the approval of the Academy of Home Economy

"DAMP-SET" your Hair..

Famous American beauty-chemist's way to keep hair in firm, lustrous waves and curls — always smartly groomed — never stiff, greasy or artificial looking. **Velmol** works on any hair, on any wave. Just 3 steps; takes four minutes and lasts days.

WITH Velmol

National Library of Australia http://nla.gov.au/nla.news-page4722030

FASHION NEWS...
from London

● *JAEGER'S PATRIOTIC color scheme. The slim wool jersey dinner skirt is bright blue, the tailored blouse red, and a white cummerbund round the waist.*

● *FRESH LITTLE SUIT designed by Bianca Mosca in pastel-blue tweed with a front panel of pink. With it a blue hat and blouse.*

● *TO-DAY'S VERSION of the shirt dress interpreted in mist-blue worsted, with short sleeves and white pique collar. Blackman and Conrad model.*

By ALISON SETTLE

Fashion Adviser in London to the Board of Trade.

WHATEVER economies the British fashion trade has to make, on one thing they will never cut down: quality remains the prime consideration, and there is no grading it down.

This can be seen in the fabrics which have been made for the season ahead, both for far-sighted firms in the country whose orders were given (and prepared) well in advance and for overseas markets.

There is not the slightest falling from quality in the tweeds, worsteds, and light woollens for the coming season, nor is there any need for labelling, for the custom of the trade is to take the word of the fabric-maker as to the contents of a textile, and the trade has never yet been let down.

Because one coat must now go with any dress in a woman's wardrobe, the feature of the season is for multicolor pastels giving a clouded effect in the new tweeds. This is notable in the Rodier (London) collection.

Biscuit tones are blended with pastels to give an opaque background to the colorings. Pale blue and white blended with biscuit is one tweed example, another is pale yellow with white and biscuit.

Just as flowers go with everything in a garden, so flower pastels "sanded off" in this way, and mixed with white, will go with any dress.

After the clouded, opaque pastels come semi-pastels: that is, strong but light colors, all of which are made in miniature sports patterns.

An example is a blend of a strong but pale yellow with black and white threads in miniature checks.

Thirdly, a "gassed yarn" (which sells in New York under the name of "Victory crepe," for example), makes a great variety of very fine wool crepes of varying textures and designs, done as companion numbers in dress and coat weights.

If you ask the leading designers what are their strong likings for the coming warmer season you find that almost all mention clear and pretty pinks and pale blues as their favorites. With ever more women getting into uniforms and the overalls of the factories, leisure-time clothes become more strongly feminine.

Bianca Mosca leads in her fondness for soft pinks and china-blues, both separately and blended into small checks. An exquisitely fine tweed blend of grey, pink, and blue with lines of black is Mme. Mosca's favorite coloring. She follows her love of "flower blossom" shades with a second love — that of a vivid yellow.

It is she, too, incidentally, who has set the fashion for vivid hat colors. Expressed during the winter in velvets as well as felts, satin will be used used for spring as well as for evening wear.

The beautiful tricorne hats of the women officers of the Royal Navy—the Wrens—are the inspiration for many tricorne shapes which women are wearing in restaurants with their civilian clothes.

The soft muted sapphire which Hartnell recently introduced is tremendously liked. As well he likes strong, vivid reds and blues. "Red Russian red" is a color which he uses with sharp and strong effect. Red, sapphire, and white he blends with patriotic insistence.

Again, Creed is likely to continue his success with a few early biscuit tones. They are perfect for such suits as his bicycling outfits.

In addition to the love of quality which has always characterised this country, a second characteristic proves infinitely useful: that is the British distaste for discarding what is good merely for the sake of change. Women can now only get into civilian leavetime clothes at intervals.

Clothes must therefore have a length of life, and be of timeless cut, so far as fashion allows. And this the London fashion trade finds easy because these necessities follow the national characteristics.

Quick Haemorrhoid Relief

Dr. Leonhardt's **Vaculoid** is guaranteed to relieve any form of pile misery, or money back. It gives quick action even in old, stubborn cases. **Vaculoid** is a harmless tablet that removes blood congestion in the lower bowel—the cause of piles. It brings joyful relief quickly and safely or costs nothing. Chemists everywhere sell it with this guarantee •••

Gibbs SOLID Dentifrice in the New Ivory container

Large container of Dentifrice 1/8½
Large Refill (lasts about 5 months) 1/4½

KIDNEY TROUBLE
Banished
DE WITT'S PILLS
ENDED MY PAIN

"De Witt's Pills ended my pain." There is a very simple reason why so many people have repeated those words.

De Witt's Pills relieve backache, rheumatism and such symptoms of kidney trouble because they put new life and energy into weak, sluggish kidneys. De Witt's Pills compel those vital organs to clear out the poisons that cause your pain. Here is striking proof.

Mrs. M.M. writes: *"For months I was prostrated with terrible pains from kidney trouble and could not carry on. I gained such relief after taking De Witt's Pills that I cannot say how thankful I am. Since taking De Witt's Pills I have been quite free from backache and kidney trouble."*

Fifteen Years Later: *"I have had no trouble with my kidneys since taking De Witt's Pills."*

WEAK KIDNEYS
Lead to
Backache, Joint Pains Cystitis, Rheumatism, Lumbago, Sciatica, Disturbed Nights.

Start with De Witt's Pills today and notice how, within 24 hours from the first dose, they act directly on your kidneys. De Witt's Pills are promptly on the job, clearing out all those poisons and impurities which cause your pain.

DeWitt's KIDNEY AND BLADDER Pills

Made specially to relieve the pain of Rheumatism, Lumbago, Sciatica, Joint Pains and all forms of Kidney Trouble. Of chemists and storekeepers everywhere, prices 1/9, 3/-, and 5/9.

The Australian Women's Weekly — Notice to Contributors

Manuscripts and pictures will be considered. A stamped addressed envelope should be enclosed if the return of the manuscript or picture is desired. Manuscripts and pictures will only be received at sender's risk, and the proprietors of The Australian Women's Weekly will not be responsible in the event of loss.

Prizes: Readers need not claim for prizes unless they do not receive payment within one month of date of publication. In the event of similar contributions the Editor's decision is final.

National Library of Australia http://nla.gov.au/nla.news-page4722031

Fashion PATTERNS

F2258.—Smart frock with matching boxy coat. 32 to 38 bust. Requires 3½yds. for frock and 2⅝yds. for jacket. 36ins. wide. Pattern, 1/7.

F2259.—Attractive spring suit with patch pockets. 32 to 38 bust. Requires 4⅝ yds., 36ins. wide. Pattern, 1/7.

F2260.—Youthful style featuring front fullness in the skirt. 32 to 38 bust. Requires 3¾yds. and ½yd. contrast. 36ins. wide. Pattern, 1/7.

F2261.—Gay sweater frock with bright, contrasting skirt. 32 to 38 bust. Requires 2½yds. for sweater top and 2½yds. for skirt, 36ins. wide. Pattern, 1/7.

F2262.—Sophisticated version of the sporty dirndl frock garnished with braid. 32 to 38 bust. Requires 3¾yds., 36ins. wide, and 5½yds. of rick-rack braid. Pattern, 1/7.

F2263.—Adorable nipped-in jacket and full skirt for young things 4 to 10 years. Requires 2¾yds. and ⅝yd. contrast. 36ins. wide. Pattern, 1/4.

F2264.—Ultra-flattering style for matrons. Notice the soft touches of white. 38 to 44 bust. Requires 3⅞yds. and ¾yd. contrast. 36ins. wide. Pattern, 1/7.

National Library of Australia http://nla.gov.au/nla.news-page4722033

NEEDLEWORK NOTIONS . . .

THIS SKETCH gives you some idea of how attractive the grapevine set will look on your table. It comes to you traced for embroidery.

CLOSE-UP of the glorious grapevine design, showing centre, plate mat, and glass or cup-and-saucer mat.

New, enchanting

GRAPEVINE DINNER-SET

THIS lavish-looking cutwork dinner-set is now available from our Needlework Department traced on the daintiest shades of lemon, pink, blue, green, and white sheer linen.

The set consists of a centre mat measuring 15 x 17 inches, plate mats each measuring 11 x 11 inches, and cup-and-saucer mats measuring 5 x 5 inches. The centre features a plain, round piece of linen with the grape and vine forming each end. The plate mats are different, the centre consisting of the grapes with leaves forming edges. The large, single leaf forms the saucer or glass mats.

All outside leaves and stems to be cut should be worked in buttonhole-stitch, the grapes in stem-stitch or satin-stitch to completely fill in.

Here are the prices:

Nine-piece set consisting of one centre, four plate mats, and four saucer mats, price 6/6 plus 6½d. extra for postage.

Thirteen-piece set consisting of one centre, six plate mats, and six saucer mats, price 7/9 plus 9½d. extra for postage.

Or individually the prices are: Centre 2/9, plate mats 1/3 each, saucer mats 6d. each.

No coupons required.

Fashion FROCK SERVICE

DAINTY FROCK . . .

A DAINTY frock this and it is available from our Needlework Department traced on hard-wearing linora in shades of blue, pink, white, green, lemon, and cream. The design, which features unusual bodice and skirt treatment, small Peter Pan collar, long sleeves, and touches of embroidery, will prove most suitable for children from 2 to 8 years of age.

The prices are: From 2 to 4 years, 4/11 (6 coupons), 4 to 6 years, 5/11 (7 coupons), 6 to 8 years, 6/11 (8 coupons), plus 6½d. postage for each ready-to-make garment.

SEND TO THIS ADDRESS:

Adelaide: Box 588A, G.P.O. Brisbane: Box 400F, G.P.O. Melbourne: Box 1B4C G.P.O. Newcastle: Box 41, G.P.O. Perth Box 891G, G.P.O. Sydney: Box 4085W, G.P.O. If calling, 176 Castlereagh St. Tasmania: Write to The Australian Women's Weekly, Box 1850, G.P.O., Melbourne. New Zealand: Write to Sydney Office.

251

No. 251.—When ordering, please state clearly color and size desired. Full details concerning this dainty ready-to-make frock are given at left

● The attractive "PENELOPE" jacket and skirt require 17 coupons ready to wear and 13 coupons ready to make yourself.

The "PENELOPE" design is available now at our Fashion Frock Department, either ready to wear or traced ready for you to cut out and make up yourself.

It is made in woven sports linen in white, saxe-blue, pink, green, rose, sky, and maize.

Sizes 32, 34, 36-inch bust, 39/11 and 17 coupons, ready to wear; or 27/11 and 13 coupons, ready to make yourself.

Sizes 38 and 40-inch bust, 42/- and 17 coupons, ready to wear; or 29/11 and 13 coupons, ready to make yourself.

Postage 1/6½ extra.

How to obtain "PENELOPE": In N.S.W. obtain postal note for required amount and send to Box 3498, G.P.O., Sydney. In other States use address given on pattern page of this issue. When ordering be sure to state bust measurement and name of model.

Don't neglect

CUTS, SORES

The slightest cut or scratch affords an easy entry for germs — particularly the deadly Tetanus germ. Treat all skin breaks promptly with Iodex antiseptic iodine ointment. Iodex leaves no stain, is soothing, healing and deeply penetrating. Use Iodex for First Aid, and see your doctor without delay.

PRICE 2/1, *from all chemists*

IODEX NO-STAIN IODINE

No More Coughing or Sleepless Nights

BUCKLEY'S CANADIOL Mixture certainly makes short work of these stubborn old hang-on coughs and colds, that no other cough remedy will budge, according to Mr H. A. Allen. Mr. Allen says: "For years I suffered every winter with a terrible cough. I have had many sleepless nights and coughed until tears ran, and my stomach ached. I started again with the same old cough this year — but after a few doses of BUCKLEY'S CANADIOL Mixture my cough was gone. You can't go wrong on Buckley's—by far the largest-selling cough medicine in all of blizzardly cold Canada. One or two doses ends a stubborn cough and even the toughest old hang-on coughs leave for good in a day or two. At any chemist or store.***

LASTING CURLS FOR MODERN HAIR - DO'S

Let Eugenol "B" sachets safeguard the lovely lustre of your crowning glory. No "kriss" with Eugenol "B". They're especially produced for bleached hair but are equally suitable for coarse or naturally wavy textures. They give curls that are always soft and truly adaptable. Insist on the new Eugenol "B" sachets

eugene

There's no curl like the Eugene curl.

WAKE UP YOUR LIVER BILE

Without Calomel—And You'll Jump out of Bed in the Morning Full of Vim.

The liver should give out two pounds of liquid bile daily or your food doesn't digest. You suffer from wind. You get constipated. Your whole system is poisoned and you feel irritable, tired and weary and the world looks blue.

Laxatives are only makeshifts. You must get at the cause. It takes those good old Carter's Little Liver Pills to get those two pounds of bile working and make you feel "up and up." Harmless, gentle, yet amazing in keeping you fit.

Ask for CARTER'S Little Liver Pills by name. Stubbornly refuse anything else. 1/3 ***

VIM makes saucepans shine — CLEANS WITHOUT SCRATCHING

7.10a.35

MY EARS WERE RED BUT I WOULDN'T CHANGE PLACES WITH ANYONE NOW!

Our first dinner date was a flop. Awkward gaps in the conversation . . . Molly bored stiff. She finally excused herself to make a phone call.

I was waiting for her when I overheard "Thanks, Joan, I'll tell him I just *have* to see you to-night. Gosh but that guy needs Lifebuoy!"

Gee whiz, my ears were red—but it taught me a lesson I never forgot! From then on Lifebuoy was my one and only soap!

Last leave I met Molly at a party. She didn't rush away *this* time! I've a hunch there's lots of happiness ahead for us!

LIFEBUOY

Better than ever!

NOW ONLY ONE KIND OF LIFEBUOY — WITH A RICH CREAMY LATHER THAT'S *EXTRA MILD.*

THE ONE SOAP SPECIALLY MADE TO PREVENT "B.O."

A LEVER PRODUCT

National Library of Australia http://nla.gov.au/nla.news-page4722034

Coupons limited . . . chic unlimited

Despite the coupon problem a girl with deft fingers and a dash of ingenuity can still keep that model look.

● Dramatise a nondescript yellow dinner-gown by inserting panels of turquoise into the skirt and sleeves and highlighting them with red scallops.

● Here are a draped turban and matching "butterfly" bag that you can make yourself. Both are fashioned of silk jersey brightly striped in tomato-red, black, yellow, and green.

● Make this attractive frock with a couple of remnants. The cross-over sweater-top features a high, round neckline and three - quarter - length sleeves and is done in cherry-red to offset the deep purple skirt.

● A plain hat in beige felt achieves distinction with the addition of a broad floral band in olive-green and brown tartans. This band slots through the brim and is swathed across the throat in a scarf effect.

National Library of Australia http://nla.gov.au/nla.news-page4722035

● An exotic, faintly Egyptian model made from an old black felt pill-box and some veiling and ribbon (both unrationed). The veiling hangs well down over the shoulders and is stitched with narrow bands of purple ribbon.

● A simple beige frock is glamorised with full, inset panels of bright red that are disciplined at the waist with ties of the beige. With it a saucy red pill-box swathed with a matching scarf.

● Pep-up a faded black woollen frock by adding a figure-hugging sleeveless jerkin in turquoise-blue. The cute, square beret and envelope bag are also in turquoise.

● If you've got a bright frock that you are bored with, transform it into a young-making pinafore and add a vivid red-and-white checked blouse to provide spirited contrast.

● Here is a sensational yet easy-to-make set that will bring a refreshing note to your spring wardrobe. Both hat and bag are made of zebra-striped cotton in driftwood-brown and natural.

National Library of Australia http://nla.gov.au/nla.news-page4722036

New Treatment Ends Children's Colds
—while they sleep

New "thermal cream" Rub acts 3 ways to Relieve Stuffed-up Head and Break up Croupy Congestion.

Quicker—it's the better, faster, different, "thermal" way to treat colds . . . newly introduced here—but long recognised by Canadian mothers for head and chest colds.

If you like to treat your cold from the outside—then try **Buckley's Wintrol Rub**—its extra-quick, positive 3-way "thermal" action is the most pleasant and effective external way to break up congested, croupy, bronchial colds. Feel its fast, soothing action clear smothering, stuffed-up head passages, make breathing easy. See how swiftly it brings a blessed, soothing comfort to sore, irritated throat lining.

When your child gets a cold—it's no time to experiment! Get it under control fast with this better—surer—quicker "thermal" treatment that has been well proved through many blizzardly cold winters. It's greaseless and stainless. **Buckley's Wintrol Rub**—now obtainable every chemist and store.**

Pimples Go
Cause Killed in 3 Days

The very first application of Nixoderm begins to clear away pimples like magic. Use Nixoderm tonight and you will soon see your skin becoming soft, smooth, and clear. Nixoderm is a new discovery that kills germs and parasites on the skin that cause Pimples, Boils, Red Blotches, Eczema, Ringworm, and Eruptions. You can't get rid of your skin troubles until you remove the germs that hide in the tiny pores of your skin. Get Nixoderm from your chemist or store today under the positive guarantee that Nixoderm will banish pimples and clear your skin soft and smooth or money back on return of empty package.

Nixoderm NOW 2/-

For Skin Sores, Pimples, and Itch.

Now You Can Wear FALSE TEETH With Real Comfort

FASTEETH, a new, pleasant powder, keeps teeth firmly set. Deodorizes. No gummy, gooey, pasty taste or feeling. To eat and laugh in comfort just sprinkle a little **FASTEETH** on your plates. Get it to-day at any chemist. (2 sizes.) Refuse substitutes.***

Castles in the Air

Continued from page 3

"THE same. No rise—no wedding ring." Rachel laughed shortly. "But that reminds me—here's a coincidence! Michael's been seeing quite a lot of that friend of yours."

"Not Patrick!"

"That's the one. Mr. Randall. Michael works in a garage, you know—and Mr. Randall started to come in there with his car. Small world, isn't it?"

"Small and unpleasant," said Christine.

"That's what I think," said Rachel. She turned away with a forced smile as a customer came towards her.

Christine made her way to the office of Agnes Marston, personnel manager of Barton's.

"Miss Marston," she said diffidently. "You know I've never tried to interfere with the management of the store. But this time I will. I want you—immediately, please—to discharge Miss Rachel Donahue in—in layettes."

"Impossible!" said Miss Marston, her thin cheeks reddening. "Miss Donahue has been with us for seven years, Miss Barton!"

"Seven years too long, Miss Marston," said Christine. "I promise I'll never interfere again, but—will you sack Miss Donahue, please?"

The personnel manager stared at Christine. "Do you think Miss Donahue's work is unsatisfactory?"

Christine smiled faintly. "I think," she said, "it is completely unsatisfactory."

. . . . . .

Now that the ground was cut beneath her feet, Rachel decided joyously that there was no point in postponing the wedding.

Christine was asked to sit in one of the front pews of the church. She belonged, as Mrs. Donahue said, with "the bunch from Barton's."

Now everybody was embracing Rachel, and shaking hands with Michael. For the first time Christine saw Patrick. He had been in the back of the church, he explained, with some of Michael's friends from the garage. He suggested almost diffidently that he drive her to the reception.

"If you have your own car with you, though—" He hesitated.

"Oh, no!" she said. "I came in a taxi."

This was completely untrue. But she could leave her own car parked round the corner from the church. It was good to be with Patrick again. And at the same time it was not so good.

"It's strange," she said, stiffly, "that you should have run into Michael!"

"Oh—that! That isn't strange at all. I didn't run into him. I tracked him down. I found out where his garage was, and went there," Patrick went on, after a moment. "I had a morbid desire to know him. Can you understand that?"

At the Donahues' Patrick and Christine were wedged into a corner, sitting side by side with plates of salad and chicken balanced on their knees. They smiled at each other brightly and talked, but each was secretly and enviously watching the married couple.

As they were leaving, again in Patrick's car, Mrs. Donahue thrust a little box into Christine's hand.

"A piece of the wedding cake," she said. "You know how it goes—put the little box under your pillow and dream of the man you'll marry. Which," she added, hastily, "is ignorant superstition."

"No," said Christine. "I'm sure it isn't. I—like it."

Patrick drove away very slowly, but she hated to see the streets go by—and she prayed for red lights.

"You might tell me what you've been doing," she said at last.

"I've been making some experiments with cellulose. Rather interesting. But," he added, "there won't be any money in it."

"Had I asked you about money? When you see me, do you need to start straight away talking about money?"

"No. You make me think of it, though."

"Thanks. Any girl would like that."

He swerved round the corner. They drove the rest of the way to Christine's home in silence.

The brick front of the Bartons' town house looked as staid and impregnable as the door of a bank vault.

Patrick got out of the car and opened the door. He stood there, looking as if he were memorising her for the rest of his life.

"It's really good-bye this time," he said slowly. "They're sending me to a big laboratory up north. I think I've told you about it."

"Yes. I know. Tremendously useful and interesting work." She tried to smile. "But no money in it!"

"That's it."

They searched each other's eyes, unhappily.

It had begun to rain, but they hadn't even noticed that. Suddenly he caught her in his arms.

"Good-bye," he said. "This is for good-bye, darling."

"You still love me, Patrick?"

"I don't get any better."

"No. I don't, either. I'd like to say something important. I can't think of anything. Good-bye—good-bye, darling——"

He kissed her. Then, gently, she pushed him away.

"You expect a little too much of a girl," she said. "I think you'd better go, Patrick."

She hadn't cried. She kept her chin up and smiled at him as he slid behind the wheel. She hadn't realised that, when Patrick took her in his arms, she had let her purse and Rachel's wedding cake fall into the gutter. She only noticed when Patrick's left front wheel drove over them.

"Patrick!" she cried desperately. "Oh, Patrick!"

He stopped the car at once. He ran round and picked up the purse. But she waved the purse away. She was crying like a fool over a sodden little cardboard box. He stood there staring at her with the purse in his hands. She knew she should be ashamed of herself, but somehow that didn't seem to matter. It was too much. It was the last straw.

Still Patrick was staring at her blankly. She tried, in vain, to marshal her confused thoughts into some sort of order. She was still holding the smashed wedding cake.

"It was a symbol!" she sobbed.

"Look!" he said. "Here in this house you've got half the treasures in Great Britain. You've got a Rembrandt—a Botticelli—a Tintoretto—the Lord knows what! But you stand out here on the pavement crying your eyes out over a piece of smashed wedding cake! Now get that to make sense!"

"Certainly!" she cried desperately. "Could I sleep on a Rembrandt—and dream about you? Could I sleep on a Botti—oh, never mind, Patrick, I can't make you understand—but Rachel's wedding cake is bigger than all those things——"

Patrick laughed. He took the sodden box in his own hands and stared at it.

"Well!" he said. "Well! It took me a long time to see it, but I've got it. A question of perspective——"

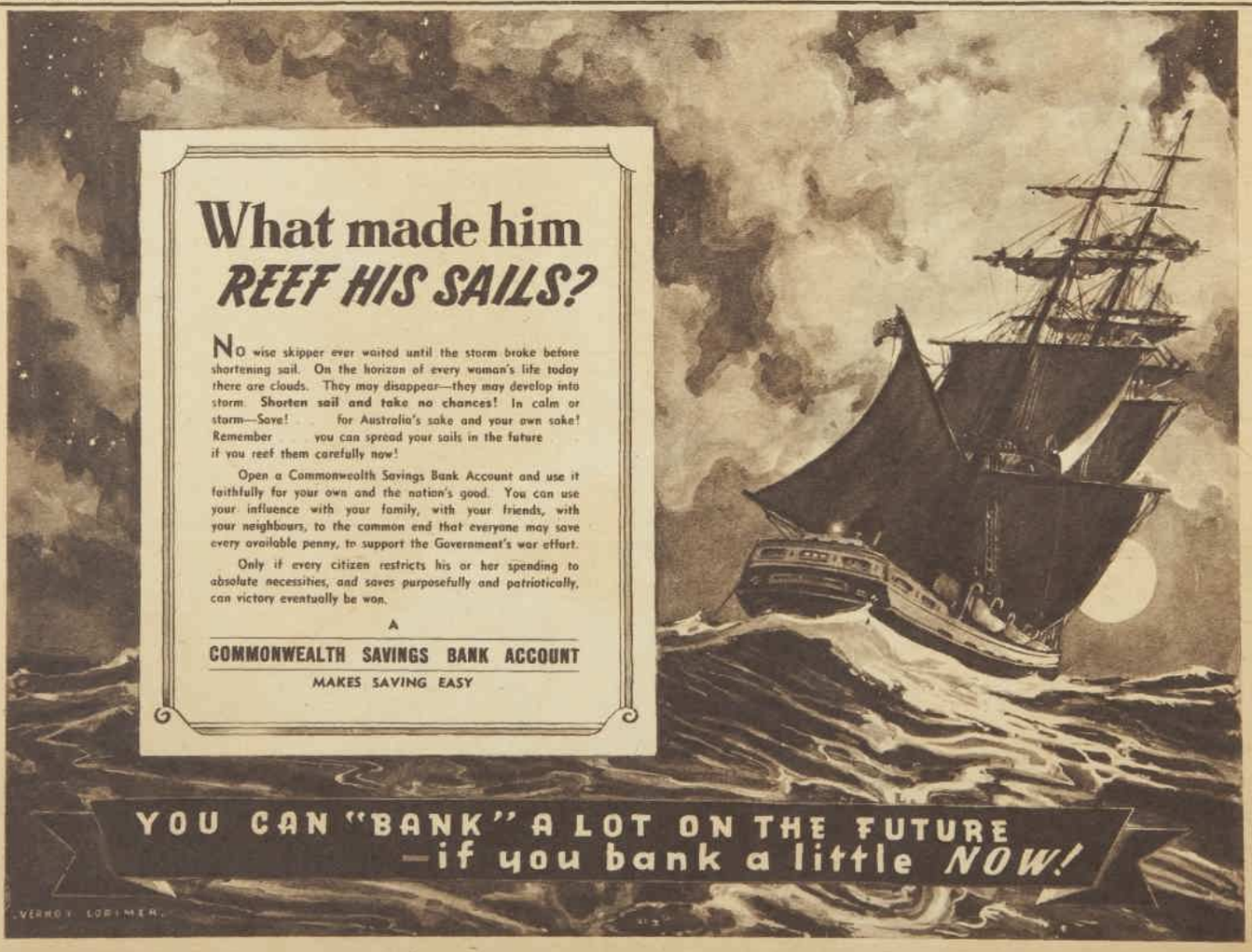
He broke off and kissed her again. It was raining furiously by this time, and still they neither knew nor cared. Patrick looked at the house and laughed at its bleak brick face.

"I'm bigger than that money!" he said.

(Copyright)

MOPSY—The Cheery Redhead

"Oo-o-o! Say, my leg was supposed to be broken before you started bandaging it."



National Library of Australia http://nla.gov.au/nla.news-page4722037

"LIKE IT, MUMMY?" The young member of the family seems to relish the fact that mother has to face up to a sugarless pre-breakfast lemon drink instead of lovely orange juice—simply because she's afraid of getting fat. Many consider lemon a fine early-morning tonic, but it's best taken on arising.

Overweight . . . and want to reduce?

● The remedy is simple, but demands intelligence and determination, perhaps perseverance would be a better word . . .

—Says MEDICO

SOME people are constitutionally prone to fatness. The lean and hungry type seem to stay thin however much they eat. But, in essentials, ordinary plumpness is simply the result of continual excess.

No food will make you thin. All foods supply fuel, and some more than others.

In reducing your weight, begin by cutting down the consumption of fat. Bacon, ham, pork sausages, fat, mutton, and fried dishes are rich in fat, and have a high value.

Eat boiled fish instead of fried.

Avoid the fat in meat and eat the lean.

Having reduced your fats, you must then cut down the carbohydrates, such as refined sugar and flour.

Reduce the lumps of sugar in your tea; better still, replace by saccharin.

Eat potatoes with your meat.

Have less bread, but let it be wholemeal.

Cakes and biscuits with your tea must become delights of the past.

Reduce gradually on these carbohydrates. Too rapid a reduction may make you feel tired and hungry.

Meat once a day is ample. Leave the fat alone.

Drink a pint of skimmed milk every day.

The remedy is simple. Eat less of everything, especially foods of high fuel value, and alcohol comes into the latter. It isn't easy. Old habits are not easily altered.

Fill up on fruit and green leaf vegetables, and avoid stunt diets and so-called medicated remedies.

If you are past middle-age you should put yourself in the hands of your doctor. Be content to lose 1lb. to 2lb. a week, and when you have reduced enough stay there. The increased feeling of well-being and the greater mental alertness will be sufficient encouragement.

And don't forget slimming is not only a question of eating less at meal times; it also means nothing at all between meals—no sweets and chocolates.

Daily exercise is also part of the slimming programme.

Try rising earlier and walking part of the way to work. Walking, riding, swimming, and golf are all good forms of exercise.

Stop browsing in a book, go and weed the garden, mow the lawn—anything—but take more exercise.

Learn to eat

BECOME nutrition-conscious, but not so conscious that you sit down worrying whether there are enough calories or vitamins. "Now good digestion waits on appetite, and health on both." Remember that, and appeal to his sight, taste, and smell.

There is a lot to be said for eating in others' company. Solitary eating gives too big an opportunity for introspection. Food is no longer a pleasure, it is simply fuel.

But the communal eater looks upon a meal as a chance for developing his social instincts. This contented and somewhat slow approach encourages sound digestion. Communal feeding has its dangers, over-eating being one. And family meals are no good when they develop into family fights. Annoyance has a bad effect on the stomach.

Having finished your meal—in peace—you should rest awhile. To perform its miracles, the stomach needs blood, and it has first call upon the available supply during and after the meal. If you divert this blood to your muscles by rushing off to catch the 8.30, your stomach will rebel.

Get up earlier and give it a chance. In the same way, if you sit in the sun or have a hot bath immediately after a meal the blood will try to desert the stomach for work in the skin. Conflicts like these are bound to be harmful.

Plan your daily menu on the foundation foods—meat (especially liver, kidneys, sweetbread), milk, eggs, and cheese, fruit and salad vegetables, and cerevite or wholemeal bread. Make them a habit.

For young wives and mothers

TRUBY KING SYSTEM

The vomiting habit

THERE are various types of vomiting in young babies, and these may be due to different causes.

There is simple regurgitation or "putting up" of foods immediately after feeding; there are sour, curdy vomits that occur between feed-times, and sometimes abnormally large vomits which are projectile in character.

Vomiting very quickly becomes a habit with babies, and, whatever the type, the cause of the vomiting must be ascertained and treatment must be prompt.

A leaflet dealing with this subject has been prepared by The Australian Women's Weekly Mothercraft Service Bureau, and a copy will be forwarded free if a request with a stamped addressed envelope is forwarded to The Australian Women's Weekly, Box 4098WW, G.P.O., Sydney.

Please endorse your envelope "Mothercraft."

Sow these in August

● Spring is not far away. Already the earth is stirring — and that means that we can sow seeds or set out seedlings . . .

—Says OUR HOME GARDENER.

AND this is what we can sow during August in mild-climate districts:—

Flowers: Asters (under glass), antirrhinums, candytuft, annual Canterbury bell, centaurea, annual chrysanthemum, cornflower, cynoglossum, delphinium, dahlia (seed), dianthus, Californian poppy, gaillardia, gerbera, geum, godetia, gypsophila, hellanthus, heuchera, hollyhock, kochia, larkspur, linaria, lupin, marigolds, mignonette, mina lobata, petunia (under glass), pentstemon, phlox, poppy, rhodanthe, salvia, scabiosa, statice, sunflower, torenia, thalictrum, Virginian stock, viscoria, and biennial wallflower.

Do not sow zinnias or any other succulent plants mentioned in the list until well on in September if your district is subject to late frosts. Nothing will be gained by over-early sowing, and loss is certain if a very cold snap catches these rather delicate plants out in the open.

Seedlings of most hardy annuals and perennials can be set out during August in well-protected gardens. In all cases the soil should be turned over well and manured sensibly some weeks ahead. Remember, too, when sowing seed, that many varieties are scarce. Don't be wasteful with it—give away what you cannot sow yourself.

Vegetables: Sow potatoes in coastal areas now. Others that can be sown now are leeks, onions, garlic, French beans (in very warm northern districts), beetroot, cabbage, cape gooseberry, capsicum, carrot, endive, most herbs, kohl rabi, lettuce, parsnip, peas, radish, spinach, silver beet, tomato, turnip, marrow, choko, sweet potatoes, artichokes, and cucurbits in very warm districts.

Seedlings of onions, leeks, silver beet, cabbage, lettuce, tomatoes, endive, beets, and rhubarb roots can also be set out now.

To Relieve Catarrhal Deafness and Head Noises

If you have Catarrhal Deafness or are hard of hearing or have head noises go to your chemist and get 1 ounce of Parmint (double strength), and add to it 1 pint of hot water and a little sugar. Take a dessertspoonful four times a day.

This will bring quick relief from the distressing head noises. Clogged nostrils will open, breathing become easy. It is easy to prepare, costs little and is pleasant to take. Anyone who has Catarrhal Deafness or head noises should give this prescription a trial . . .

PAIN

You can't "Explain"

Discover for yourself this complete, lasting and safe relief of period pain. When you want to sit down and cry with the pain and headache—take two Myzone tablets with water or cup of tea. Let Myzone's marvellous actevin (anti-spasm) compound bring you blessed comfort—without "doping."

MYZONE

REDUCE YOUR WAIST

The GOVERNA BELT will reduce your waistline and give a slim athletic figure. Supports delicate organs. By gentle, changing pressure, waistline bulge is eliminated with every move you make.

7 DAYS' TRIAL OFFER

In 7 days your waistline will be 3in. smaller . . . 3lb. of bulge and strain zone . . . OR NO COST! Write for full illustrated details of 7 DAYS' TRIAL OFFER.

GOVERNA BELT COMPANY, DEPT. B, 242 ELIZABETH ST., SYDNEY

"It keeps my stove polished like new!"

There's simply nothing like Bon Ami for cleaning enamel and porcelain surfaces. It's *quick-acting*, yet it doesn't scratch . . . and it leaves a brilliant *polish* on baths, sinks, stoves and refrigerators. Keeps them looking like new! What's more, you can count on Bon Ami not to redden and roughen your hands. You will want to use it for all your household cleaning!

Bon Ami

quick, thorough, safe

"hasn't scratched yet!"

In times like these—

Old friends are best

WHENEVER the principles of good health are appreciated, the value of Beecham's Pills is unquestioned. They are regarded as an old, reliable friend—and this is the fourth generation of men and women to trust them.

Beecham's Pills

Sold everywhere in boxes. 40 pills 1/- 120 pills 2/6

Worth a Guinea a Box

'Essential' to hair hygiene

EVAN WILLIAMS Shampoo.

National Library of Australia http://nla.gov.au/nla.news-page4722038

Here's oven magic!

● Planned oven meals can be real tickets for freedom . . . In goes the dinner and out goes the housewife to garden, to meeting, to sewing, table-setting or attending to family with no last-minute kitchen rush.

—Says OLWEN FRANCIS
Food and Cookery Expert to The Australian Women's Weekly.

WITH an understanding of oven heats and cooking by the clock and not by guesswork, oven menus can be chosen that need no attention during cooking, no peeping, no fatigue-making turning and twisting of dishes, no time and energy wasting.

Plan your menus so that each course goes into the oven at the same time and comes out at the same time.

On this page are listed oven menus, some recipes, and here follow reminders on oven management:

1—Never light the oven for one dish only.

2—Low temperature cooking of meat (baking or braising) makes the meat more tender and causes less shrinkage.

3—Vegetables of all types may be cooked in a very small quantity of water in a casserole in the oven.

4—To-morrow's dessert may be cooked with to-day's dinner.

5—Uncooked biscuit dough may be kept in a cool place, preferably a refrigerator. When the oven is hot take the opportunity of baking a tray of biscuits.

6—The top of the oven is the hottest zone in most types of ovens.

7—The bottom plate of the oven, except in certain types of electric stoves, can be used for very slow, low-temperature dishes, such as custards.

8—If your oven has no thermometer or automatic heat control, experience and simple tests will give you knowledge of oven heats, slow (250-325 deg. F.), moderate (325-400 deg. F.), hot (400-500 deg. F.).

9—Usually the lower the temperature the longer the cooking period, the higher the temperature the shorter the cooking period.

10—When an ovgn is packed with three or four or more dishes (as for oven menu) it needs greater heat to begin with. For an oven menu preheat oven to 550 deg. F. (very hot) before placing in the dishes. Then reduce heat to the cooking temperature (fairly hot, moderate, or slow). This is important.

11—Space between oven shelves should not be less than 4 inches to allow for good circulation of heat.

12—Baking trays (except in wood stoves) should be several inches smaller than the oven to allow for correct heat circulation. Utilise cake tins for puddings and small covered basins for vegetables so that fullest use is made of oven space.

THIS is a homespun meal. It's as cheap as they come, but my! it tastes good. See menu.

OVEN-STEAMED FRUIT PUDDINGS

Twelve ounces mixed fruit, 1½ cups grated apple, 1½ cups breadcrumbs, ½ cup sugar, 1 cup suet, ½ cup flour, 1½ teaspoons spices, 1½ tablespoons jam, ½ teaspoon bicarbonate soda, 2 tablespoons milk or fruit juice, 2 or 3 eggs.

Chop suet finely and combine with sifted flour and spices. Add breadcrumbs, sugar, jam, and fruit, and lastly beaten eggs, milk and soda. Pour into greased pudding moulds, cover with paper, and set in a dish with small quantity of boiling water. Cover tightly and bake with oven dinner.

SAVORY MINCE ROUNDABOUT

One and a half pounds minced meat, ½lb. lamb's fry, 1 tablespoon chopped bacon, 1 onion, 1 tablespoon chopped parsley, 1 cup soft breadcrumbs, 1 dessertspoon dripping, 1 egg, pepper and salt.

Saute chopped onion in dripping until lightly browned. Add minced liver, bacon, minced meat, parsley, breadcrumbs, and well-beaten egg. Season well. Place mixture in a well-greased ring tin. Bake with oven dinner.

PLANTATION COBBLER

One cup shredded pineapple, 1 large apple, 1 or 2 bananas, 1 teaspoon grated lemon rind, 1 tablespoon lemon juice, 1½ cups self-raising flour, 2oz. butter, 2oz. sugar, 1 egg, 1-3rd cup milk, little spice, few chopped nuts.

Combine pineapple, grated apple, finely chopped or mashed banana, lemon rind and juice. Sweeten if necessary with sugar and honey and place in pie plate. Sift flour and rub in butter. Add sugar and mix to a soft dough with beaten egg and milk. Knead lightly and roll to fit pie plate. Slash cross or pattern on top, brush with milk, sprinkle with spice and nuts. Cook with oven meal.

SEASONED LAYER PATTIES

One and a half pounds minced meat, 1 small onion, 1 dessertspoon dripping, 1 tablespoon flour, ½ cup stock or water, pepper and salt, 1½ cups well-flavored bread seasoning.

Fry chopped onion, add the flour, brown slightly, and stir in water. Add meat, cook until mixture just changes color, and turn on to plate to cool. When cool, divide in two and press on a floured board into 2 sheets. Spread one half with bread seasoning, cover with other half of meat, and cut into neat squares. Flour lightly and place on baking rack. Cover with thickly-greased paper and cook in baking dish with vegetables underneath.

SUGGESTED OVEN MEALS

	Menu.	Position.	Time and Temperature.
1	Baked Savory Fish Vegetable Cheese Pies Green Peas Tomatoes Orange Puff Puddings	Lower half Upper half Middle, lower Middle	400 deg. F. (fairly hot) for 50 minutes
2	Seasoned Layer Patties Baked Potatoes and Marrow Diced Carrots Apple Sponge Squares	Upper half Upper half Lower half Middle	400 deg. F. for 30 minutes
3	Vegetable Chowder Sizzling Braised Liver and Apple Slices Bacon Forcemeat Balls Scalloped Potatoes Shredded Cabbage Plantation Cobbler	Middle Upper Lower Upper, lower Middle	400 deg. F. for 45 minutes
4	Savory Mince Roundabout Macedoine of Vegetables Jacket Potatoes Rhubarb Pie	Upper Lower Upper Middle	400 deg. F. for 45 minutes
5	Barley Veal Broth Braised Ox Tail Jacket Potatoes Onions Turnips Nutty Crumb Custard with Butterscotch Apple Rings	Middle Upper Middle Lower Lower	300 deg. F. (very, very slow) for 3 hours
6	Mulligatawny Soup Roast Savory Steak Baked Potatoes and Parsnips and Onions Oven Steamed Plum Puddings Cereal Custard	Lower Middle Upper Lower	300 deg. F. for 3 hours.

National Library of Australia http://nla.gov.au/nla.news-page4722039

A CUP of fragrant, fresh tea, a moment of relaxation and soft music—that's what Anna Lee, of RKO, pictured above, enjoys. Measure the water as well as the tea these days. A squeeze of lemon juice in the teapot for the milkless cup, and a curl of lemon rind if milk is taken. It makes weak tea more fragrant.

Miss Precious Minutes says:

LEMONS can be kept for a long time if they are put into a basin containing water, which should be changed every two days. The lemons should always remain covered over by the water, and it is best to put a plate on top of the basin. Another way is to pack in sawdust; short stem should be left on each, however. See that they do not touch.

* * *

TOWELS wear out, as you know, usually in the centre, leaving much that is still good. Use the good pieces of towelling and the colored borders to make a bath mat. This is best made double, and the patterned parts will make a gay top. Stitch firmly with good turnings.

* * *

A BRIGHT young mother has solved the picture-book problem for her 2-year-old. She has cut suitable and attractive pictures from past and current issues of The Australian Women's Weekly and pasted them neatly into an album. It's a work of art, and baby Susan is happily employed for quite a time daily. At bedtime a brief story accompanies each picture.

He has come safely and happily through teething by the aid of Steedman's Powders, the safe gentle aperient which for over 100 years mothers have given to children up to the age of 14 years.

"Hints to Mothers" Booklet posted free on request.

Give STEEDMAN'S POWDERS

John Steedman & Co., Walworth Rd., London, Eng.

Good recipes win money for readers

● Recipe for orange chips is the neatest culinary trick of this week's contest. It wins £1 for a homemaker. Others win consolation prizes. Enter your recipe now.

REMEMBER enjoying a wet Saturday afternoon making toffee? Well, save the breakfast orange skins and have a sweet-making session with them.

Our prizewinner, Mrs. Pontifex, says they are good to nibble when playing cards. Try, too, their delicious orange flavor with hot black coffee.

Red cabbage is usually classified as a pickle vegetable, but, as our reader points out, it can be a delicious from-garden-to-table vegetable. This casserole is a good long oven dinner dish.

The salad club sandwich sent in by Mrs. Hempel is one of those recipes so right for the odd meal, Saturday lunch, or Sunday supper.

ORANGE CHIPS

Peel of ½ doz. oranges, 1lb. sugar, ½ pint water, 1 dessertspoon salt.

Cut orange rind into match-size pieces and boil in salted water for 20 minutes or until soft, then put into boiling syrup made of sugar and water. Boil till sugar is absorbed, stirring a little to keep the chips from burning. Roll in castor sugar and spread on trays and dry in sun or in a very slow oven (250 deg. F.). Fine for flavoring cakes and puddings or as dainty sweets.

First Prize of £1 to Mrs. Pontifex, 58 Queen St., Concord West, N.S.W.

BARLEY COFFEE

This recipe was used regularly over fifty years ago.

Wash barley and allow to malt. Place barley on a clean sack and damp, and keep damp for 5 days or until the barley shoots.

I fold a bag in halves and place barley on one half and cover with the other half.

Next place in baking-dish and bake very slowly in oven until well browned, but not burnt. Then, about 1 hour before removing from oven, I add 1 tablespoon of treacle and keep stirring from time to time to prevent burning. Take 6 cups of English barley and 1 tablespoon of treacle.

To Make Coffee: Place 1 tablespoon in saucepan with 4 cups of boiling water and allow to boil. Add either boiling milk or cream, sugar to taste.

Consolation Prize of 2/6 to Mrs. G. D. Brydon, St. Ronans, Swan Hill, Vic.

GROUND RICE CHEESE CAKES

Pastry: ½lb. self-raising flour, 6oz. lard and butter (mixed), pinch salt, ½ teaspoon baking powder, water to mix.

Mix and roll three times. Line patty tins with pastry, put 1 teaspoon jam on each, then top with teaspoon of following mixture: Add to 2oz. melted butter 3 tablespoons sugar, 1 egg. Beat well, then add, gradually, 2 tablespoons ground rice and few drops almond essence. Bake in quick oven.

Consolation Prize of 2/6 to Mrs. C. E. M. Wilton, Raswall, Bemboka, Sth. Coast, N.S.W.

CLUB CARROTS

Three carrots, scrubbed and grated, 3 dessertspoons shredded heart of cabbage.

Make a mayonnaise of 1 small cup of unflavored custard, ½ teaspoon salt, pepper, and mustard. Add 1 teaspoon vinegar, and lastly 1 tablespoon salad oil, a drop at a time. Mix in raw carrot and cabbage, and 1 tablespoon finely-chopped pickles. Have 4 slices of thick toast ready, slit open to make large pockets, spread inside with butter and stuff with mixture. Serve at once.

Consolation Prize of 2/6 to D. Hempel, Moama, Gould St., Frankston, Vic.

PASSIONFRUIT CUSTARD TARTLETS

Two cups self-raising flour, ½lb. butter, 2oz. sugar, 1 egg.

Cream butter and sugar, add egg, then flour. Place on floured board and knead well. Roll out and line patty tins, prick centres to prevent rising. Cook 10 minutes in oven.

Custard: 1 tablespoon custard powder, 2 tablespoons sugar, ½ pint milk, 2 bananas, 2 passionfruit, and ½ cup lemon juice.

Mix custard powder with little milk, boil remainder of milk and sugar and pour over custard powder, stirring all the time. While warm add bananas which have been soaked in lemon juice, and then passionfruit pulp. Then pour into cooked pastry shell and serve cold.

Consolation Prize of 2/6 to Peggy Dunlop, Room 2, Ground Floor, 12 Castlereagh St., Sydney.

CASSEROLE OF RED CABBAGE

One red cabbage, ½lb. bacon rashers, 2oz. butter, ¼ cup vinegar, 1 dessertspoon sugar, salt and pepper.

Shred cabbage very finely and soak in salt and water for 1 hour. Put bacon rashers in the bottom of a casserole dish, add drained cabbage and other ingredients. Cook in a slow oven.

Consolation Prize of 2/6 to Mrs. F. C. Postle, Bilgola Ave., Bilgola Beach, via Manly, N.S.W.

Dangerous Varicose Veins Can be Reduced

People who want to reduce swollen or varicose veins should get a bottle of **Moone's Emerald Oil** at once. Applying night and morning as directed they will quickly notice an improvement which will continue until the veins and bunches are reduced to normal. Chemists are selling a lot of this, and your money will be gladly refunded in the rare event that you don't gain relief.***

YES, SON—THIS ONE SIMPLE TREATMENT RELIEVES ALL THOSE MISERIES... THAT'S WHY IT ENDS COLDS FASTER!

It will do your heart good to see how *much* comfort your child gets from a rub with VapoRub. With this one simple treatment you help his nose, throat, and chest *all* at one time—and shake off the cold so much quicker.

VAPOURS THAT CLEAR AND SOOTHE. Simply rubbed on chest, throat, and back at bedtime, VapoRub gives off healing vapours that are inhaled with every breath. They clear stuffy nose, soothe sore throat, relieve coughing. At the same time...

WARMING POULTICE ACTION ON THE SKIN. VapoRub also acts on chest, throat, and back like an old-time poultice, loosening tightness, "drawing out" pain, working with the vapours to break up congestion. Relaxed and comfortable, the child soon falls off to sleep, and while he sleeps VapoRub *keeps on* working. By morning, almost always, the worst of the cold is over.

MORE—AND STILL MORE USERS! Up, up, up goes the use of Vicks VapoRub as new MILLIONS of mothers discover this modern way of easing colds miseries without internal "dosing". Now, in 71 countries, over 30 million jars of VapoRub are used every year.

VICKS VAPORUB

NOW..IN 71 COUNTRIES..OVER 30 MILLION JARS USED YEARLY

'NUGGET'

Buy a tin at a time and let everyone get a shine

National Library of Australia http://nla.gov.au/nla.news-page4722040

On the job – but so are dirt-bred GERMS

BEWARE OF GERMS wherever you find dirt! Dirt is easy to remove, but germs are much more difficult—and they can land you in real trouble.

KEEP a cake of Guardian Health Soap handy. Its medicated triple-action lather washes germs away . . . cleanses extra well . . . and after a Guardian bath your whole body glows.

WHAT VALUE for your money! It's a husky red tablet—a family health soap in a generous family size.

GUARD AGAINST GERMS WITH **GUARDIAN** *Family Health Soap*

GU.23.1

J. KITCHEN & SONS PTY. LTD.

BLACKOUT BRIGHTLIGHTS.

Persil washes whiter

J. KITCHEN & SONS PTY. LTD.

P.172.1

National Library of Australia http://nla.gov.au/nla.news-page4722041